THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AND COPYRIGHTED BY THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE AT 69 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y., CONDUCTED BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS; JESSIE REDMON FAUSET, LITERARY EDITOR; AUGUSTUS GRANVILLE DILL, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Vol. 28 No. 4 AUGUST, 1924 Whole No. 166

COVER Page

A Bachelor in Philosophy, University of Chicago.
Portraits of 105 Negro Graduates.

OPINION

"In Philadelphia"; "Public Statement of the 15th Annual Conference"; "To The American Federation of Labor"; "La Follette"; "In Freetown, Africa"; "Colored Training Camps" 151

RAIN FUGUE. A Poem. Jessie Fauset 155

BLUE ALOES. A Story. Ottie B. Graham 156

THE TENTH SPINGARN MEDALLIST 163

POEM. Langston Hughes 163

THE HORIZON. Illustrated 166

THE HIGHER REACHES. Stuart Nelson 172

POEM. Langston Hughes 173

THE COST OF A LEGAL EDUCATION. Illustrated, George W. Hodges .. 174

HOPE. A Poem. Arna Bontemps 176

APPLIED EUGENICS. Albert Sidney Beckham 177

THE LOOKING GLASS. Illustrated 180

THE SEPTEMBER CRISIS

The September CRISIS will have stories by Hendrik Willem Van Loon and Claude McKay, "The Negro in Literature," by William Stanley Braithwaite; an estimate of the new bishops with portraits; and a symposium on the political situation.

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY; ONE DOLLAR AND A HALF A YEAR

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EXTRA

RENEWALS: The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due, a blue renewal blank is enclosed.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: The address of a subscriber can be changed as often as desired. In ordering a change of address, both the old and the new address must be given. Two weeks' notice is required.

MANUSCRIPTS and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage. If found unavailable they will be returned.

Entered as second class matter November 2, 1918, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PAINE COLLEGE

AUGUSTA, GA.

STANDARD COLLEGE COURSES

Approved Two-Year Normal Accredited Senior High School
Up-to-Date Junior High School

"To develop leaders you must have the best possible equipment for literary training and that is what we are striving for at Paine College", said one of the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This Church contributes largely to the support of Paine College.

A Good School at Reasonable Rates

For further information, address

RAY S. TOMLIN, President,
PAINE COLLEGE.

Virginia Union University

is now a Class A College

Excellent courses are offered in College as well as in Theology and in High School Work. The summer session is for college students only.

For full information address the President at Richmond, Virginia.

Lincoln University

Pioneer in Collegiate and Theological Education

Accredited by the Association of Colleges of the Middle States and Maryland.

Lincoln Graduates are Leaders in the various professions and in all parts of the country.

Address:
JOHN B. RENDALL, D. D.,
LINCOLN UNIVERSITY
CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

WILEY UNIVERSITY

MARSHALL, TEXAS

Recognized as a college of the first class by Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana and Oklahoma Boards of Education. Leading Colleges and Universities represented on its faculty. More than two hundred enrolled in College Department this year. Library and laboratories strengthened. High standard of scholarship maintained. Due prominence given athletes.

M. W. DOGAN, President

The Cheyney Training School for Teachers

Cheyney, Pa.

A Pennsylvania State Normal School offering, in addition to the regular Normal Course of two years, professional three year courses in Home Economics and Shop Work. A diploma from any of these courses makes a graduate eligible to teach in the public schools of Pennsylvania. A three-year High School Course is offered to all who have completed the eighth grammar grade.

Registration Day, Tuesday, September 16. Dormitories are not ready for students before that date. The work of the first semester begins September 17, 1924.

For further particulars and catalog, write

Leslie Pinckney Hill, *Principal*
Cheyney, Pa.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

THE CRISIS

Vol. 28. No. 4 AUGUST, 1924 Whole No. 166

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

IN PHILADELPHIA

THERE is a charm in colored Philadelphia. It has no likeness to Chicago or New York. It is not exotic like New Orleans although in some ways it is Northern neighbor to Charleston. Colored Philadelphia is still a matter of homes rather than restaurants. It has its strong prejudices and a powerful public opinion that forms itself in coteries. It still whispers "family" and must be introduced to a stranger. But with all this it has intelligence and discernment, and while slow to accept anything so radical and determined as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, nevertheless in the end it turned and welcomed the great organization with outstretched arms and seemingly could not get enough of hearing of it.

We met for the most part in the old church that was once Cherry Street, a church with a tradition of two powerful pastors who made it and built it. Into this church for seven days a stream of people poured:—thin but sizable of mornings,—comfortably large in the afternoon,—full every evening, at times almost to suffocation.

The appetite of black folk for instruction, the eager desire to hear once they feel the message is sincere, informing and right,—these things are the curious characteristic of our day and of this stage of our social problems. Twice in the week the attendance and the enthusiasm rose to a climax; highest, among the five thousand who crowded Metropolitan Theatre Sunday afternoon and again high on the last and culminating night of the Spingarn Medal.

Around and over all these meetings Carl Diton threw the charm of music; the lyric treble of Viola Hill, the rich depth of Marian Anderson, McCabe's violin and Diton himself at the organ pealing the strains of the Johnson National Negro hymn.

Of all the things said, of all the messages voiced, one remembers a few high spots; the grave and gentle logic of Moorefield Storey, the earnestness of Imes inveighing against segregated schools, the thunder of Holmes and Johnson calling for independence in voting, the charm of Burleigh and the learning of Braithwaite.

The Philadelphia conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was a great meeting; a great series of meetings. It made history, it made converts, it placed this national body on firmer local foundations. It was an occasion to remember.

PUBLIC STATEMENT OF THE 15TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

THE National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in 15th annual conference believes that the main problem before the American Negro today is the use of his vote in the approaching election.

We face the two old parties and a possible third party movement. The Republican party which has always commanded the great majority of our votes has, during the last two administrations, recognized again our right to a voice in the party councils and made effort to carry out our wishes in legislation and administration; nevertheless, although in power in all branches of the government, it has specifically failed to pass the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, to abolish segregation in the government offices at Washington, to take any action with regard to "Jim-Crow" cars in interstate travel, to withdraw our military forces from Haiti, or to make a loan to Liberia.

The Democratic party appears to us in two distinct parts. The Northern wing of the party has recognized our demand in many states and treated us there with much fairness. But this Northern wing is at the absolute mercy of the "Solid South" with its "rotten borough" system depending upon the disfranchisement of the Negro; with its segregation and "Jim Crow" legislation, its mob law and lynching and its denial of proper education to Negro children.

Both parties are catering to the Ku Klux Klan, that secret fomenter of religious intolerance, race hate and midnight murder whose spread is the greatest proof of national decadence and the greatest menace to democracy.

It is manifestly impossible that under these circumstances the enfranchised Negroes of the United States should vote a straight ticket for either of these parties. Our voting must be primarily a matter of individual candidates for office. In order to vote effectively we must know the records of candidates. We must demand of them clear statements as to their attitude toward matters of vital interest to us.

We must remember that we are electing in this election and other elections not simply the President of the United States but members of Congress and of the state legislatures; state officials, judges, members of school boards and other local officials. We must especially keep in mind the fact that the emancipation of the Negro today is more largely a matter of state law and local ordinance than of national enactment and that the interpretation of the law by the courts and the administration of the law by officials are just as important and often far more important than its actual content.

We need, therefore, to redouble our agitation and our effort in court action and law administration and we need especially to use our ballot in order to reward our friends and to punish our enemies. We must utterly ignore party labels and vote for the men who will best serve us and our country.

The need for such determination is shown in many ways but perhaps more especially by the continued attitude of this nation toward the education of Negro children. We have as a race no adequate common school facilities and we have continually put forward by United States government, state and local school officials and the great philanthropic foundations, not only undemocratic segregation in education, but the astonishingly undemocratic doctrine that Negroes should have no voice in the education of their own children but that their schools and colleges should be dominated by their enemies. We have repeatedly asked Federal aid for education and in answer we have a bill before Congress which is a travesty on justice and would perpetuate in local school systems these very discriminations against which we vigorously protest.

Nothing will more quickly bring the old parties to a clear realization of their obligations to us and the nation than a vigorous third party movement. Such a movement may save us

from a choice between half-hearted friends and half-concealed enemies or from the necessity of voting for the same oppression under different party names. Such a movement may give the American Negro and other submerged classes a chance to vote more directly for economic emancipation from monopoly and privilege and for a fairer chance to work according to ability and share more equitably the social income.

Finally may we remind the new immigrants to the North as well as Negroes living there that the greatest significance of this migration is the increased political power of black men in America. We have at last found an effective method not only to punish the mob, the segregationist and the disfranchiser through economic boycott, but also a chance to gain for ourselves new political power in order to vote our people into freedom.

But this means nothing unless it is used with far-reaching intelligence. We must learn to vote; we must study democracy and government; we must not be ashamed, any of us, to confess our ignorance of the machinery of the American government and of the methods of its political life. Let us learn what voting means and for whom to vote and how to vote ourselves into free, modern, industrial democracy.

TO THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

FOR many years the American Negro has been demanding admittance to the ranks of union labor.

For many years your organizations have made public profession of your interest in Negro labor, of your desire to have it unionized, and of your hatred of the black "scab."

Notwithstanding this apparent surface agreement, Negro labor in the main is outside the ranks of organized labor, and the reason is first, that white union labor does not want black labor and secondly, black labor has ceased to beg admittance to union ranks because of its increasing value and efficiency outside the unions.

We thus face a crisis in interracial labor conditions; the continued and determined race prejudice of white labor, together with the limitation of immigration, is giving black labor tremendous advantage. The Negro is entering the ranks of semi-skilled and skilled labor and he is entering mainly as a "scab". He broke the great steel strike. He will soon be in a position to break any strike when he can gain economic advantage for himself.

On the other hand, intelligent Negroes know full well that a blow at organized labor is a blow at all labor; that black labor today profits by the blood and sweat of labor leaders in the past who have fought oppression and monopoly by organization. If there is built up in America a great black bloc of non-union laborers who have a right to hate unions, all laborers, black and white, eventually must suffer.

Is it not time, then, that black and white labor get together? Is it not time for white unions to stop bluffing and for black laborers to stop cutting off their noses to spite their faces?

We, therefore, propose that there be formed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Federation of Labor, the Railway Brotherhoods and any other bodies agreed upon, an Interracial Labor Commission.

We propose that this Commission undertake:

1. To find out the exact attitude and practice of national labor bodies and local unions toward Negroes and of Negro labor toward unions.

2. To organize systematic propaganda against racial discrimination on the basis of these facts at the labor meetings, in local assemblies and in local unions.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People stands ready to take part in such a movement and hereby invites the coöperation of all organized labor. The Association hereby solemnly warns American laborers that unless some such step as this is taken and taken soon the position gained by organized labor in this country is threatened with irreparable loss.

LA FOLLETTE

LET Negroes read with thoughtful care and deep understanding the manifesto of the Third Party. It makes no direct reference to our problems. But what are our problems? They are the world's problems and something more. That something more is color prejudice and that is our immediate problem. But back of that and even with that solved are problems as pressing, as imperative, as tremendous for us as for any working people. These we cannot neglect. Simultaneously with our peculiar problems, these others call for solution. They cannot be postponed.

What are they? They rise according to La Follette's Cleveland program from the effort of organized force and greed to destroy liberty; and that program therefore proposes

1. The crushing of private monopoly by Federal power.
2. Freedom of speech.
3. Public ownership of natural resources.
4. Taxation of wealth.
5. Public control of credit.
6. Collective bargaining for farmers and laborers.
7. Public marketing of farm products.
8. Legislation to aid industrial coöperation.
9. International action to help the world.
10. Public ownership of railroads.
11. Abolition of the tyranny of the courts.
12. Abolition of child labor.
13. A deep waterway from the lakes to the sea.
14. The outlawing of war.

For the uplift of the world this is one of the best programs ever laid down by a political party in America. It can be carried out and still leave black folk and brown and yellow disinherited from many of its benefits. It can triumph and by its very triumph bring new tyrannies upon hated minorities. And yet despite this it will be far better than the present America.

This program then is so good in fact that it is most disheartening to find Mr. LaFollette deliberately dodging two tremendous issues—the Ku Klux Klan and the Negro. This is inexcusable. These matters were forced on his attention by this Association and by others. He and his platform are silent. Wherefore we must conclude that Robert LaFollette has no opinion so far as the Secret Mob to Foster Race and Religious Hate is concerned and no convictions as to the rights of Black Folk.

GARVEY AND LIBERIA

FOR the benefit and information of American citizens or for that matter of any person or persons who may be interested by attractive offers and promises by the Garvey Movement with Liberia as the objective point, as Liberian Consul General in the United States, I am authorized to say that *no person or persons leaving the United States under the auspices of the Garvey Movement in the United States, will be allowed to land in the Republic of Liberia.*

All Liberian consuls in the United States are instructed and directed not to visé the passports of any persons leaving the United States for Liberia under the direction of that movement.

It is due the public, in order to save future trouble and embarrassment to

uninformed persons, who may leave the United States under the auspices of the Garvey Movement for the Republic of Liberia, that this information be widely circulated.

Yours truly,
(Signed) ERNEST LYON,
Liberian Consul-General
in the United States.
July 10, 1924.

IN FREETOWN, AFRICA

THERE was a voice that sang the litany at the Cathedral—sang with soft intonation and Creole brogue, with slurring of all harshness and music of cadence; thus would the angel Michael sing beside the armposts of the Throne.

There was a white bishop representing doubtless God, sitting in cold state amid black faces. There were a few whites in the very front pew, official folk from Governor's House. All else was black in turban, in gowns, in white and black with perfect voices. A black priest preached. He said only God could forgive sin; that we were all sinners; that God could not see sin for Christ's blood veiled it from him. That, said he, was our Hope!

I sighed.

But there was a voice that sang the litany and it was as the voice of Michael beneath the flaming wings of Cherubim.

COLORED TRAINING CAMPS

"THE Commanding Generals of the various Corps Areas throughout the United States were authorized to establish camps for the training of colored candidates provided a minimum of 50 applications were received.

"The Eighth Corps Area was the only corps area that received a sufficient number of applications to warrant the establishment of such camps, and consequently there will be a C.M.T. Camp for colored candidates at Camp Harry J. Jones, Arizona, from August 1 to August 30.

"ROBERT C. DAVIS,
"Major General,
"The Adjutant General."

RAIN FUGUE

JESSIE FAUSET

SLANTING, driving, Summer rain
How you wash my heart of pain!
How you make me think of trees,
Ships and gulls and flashing seas!
In your furious, tearing wind,
Swells a chant that heals my mind;
And your passion high and proud,
Makes me shout and laugh aloud!

Autumn rains that start at dawn,
"Dropping veils of thinnest lawn",
Soaking sod between dank grasses,
Sweeping golden leaves in masses,—
Blotting, blurring out the Past,
In a dream you hold me fast;
Calling, coaxing to forget
Things that are, for things not yet.

Winter tempest, winter rain,
Hurtling down with might and main,
You but make me hug my hearth,
Laughing, sheltered from your wrath.
Now I woo my dancing fire,
Piling, piling drift-wood higher.
Books and friends and pictures old,
Hearten while you pound and scold!

Pattering, wistful showers of Spring
Set me to remembering
Far-off times and lovers too,
Gentle joys and heart-break rue,—
Memories I'd as lief forget,
Were not oblivion sadder yet.
Ah! you twist my mind with pain,
Wistful, whispering April rain!

Summer, Autumn, Winter rain,
How you ease my heart of pain!
Whispering, wistful showers of Spring,
How I love the hurt you bring!

BLUE ALOES

A Story

OTTIE B. GRAHAM

WHO can account for an impulse? Surely not a youth of twenty. Who would account on a day whose skies were blue and whose streams were clearest silver? Oh, not a youth of twenty.

Then Joseph was answering the call that only the young can know when he threw off shoes and top clothes and leaped into the silver of deep, smooth Little River. It flowed in front of Aloe House. Threw off shoes and stockings, and leaping, called to Melrose, living in Aloe House.

"Melrose!" he called, flashing through space and flipping into the water. Across to the opposite bank he swam, speeding like an islander. And climbing up to land by roots and hanging bushes, forth he stepped—youth on a sunny morning! Blessed son of the gods, singing impromptus to a maiden. "Melrose!" And the morning breeze carried the music over the water. Soon the boy followed. He had seen the slender form come out from the little house. But though he swam swiftly and straight, the girl was not there to greet him. He was disappointed but not surprised. Granna had interfered. He knew. Since she could not swim with him, at least they could walk together. So he threw himself flat upon the grass along the bank, stretching out full length to dry.

Little time passed before he heard a dragging footstep. For a moment he thought he was dreaming a dream that was bad. He was supposed to move away upon the approach of the dragging footstep, but he would not move today. He would remain and sing to Melrose if the old woman cursed him doubly. He would—ah, he could not move now if he wanted to. She stood over him.

"Lazy young dog!" she started, and there came such a torrent of maledictions as Joseph had never before heard. At first he had laughed at her. It amused him to hear an old hag going into fury because his young limbs, uncovered, breathed the sun; because he persisted in his love for the girl; because she loved him in return. At first it was funny but soon it ceased to amuse, and he joined in her tirade. Finally Granna dragged away, and she scowled and fussed. Fussed like something from the lower regions. Joseph hurried into his clothes and followed behind her, sullen and determined. Ach! she turned upon him.

"I tell yu, ef I puts a sho nuf curse on yu, yu won't forgit it soon. Runnin' aroun' heah half naked, an' callin' all ovah the place fo that gal, an' she ready an' fixin' to come out in the river with yu lak a young fool. Jus' come on an' take her out ef yu think yu kin. I'll fix yu!"

And the boy put in his part. "Oh, you think I'm afraid of your black magic, you old witch! But I'm not, and I'll teach Melrose not to be. And she'll stop making your aloes cures and the people will stop coming to bring you money for nothing. You old witch, you old witch! You old wi-hitch! Here's what I think of your aloes and your house full of aloes branches. *Now* conjure me!" And his laugh was so wild and shrill with anger it dulled the clanging of the falling tubs he had kicked over in his rage. They held the drippings of aloes.

With the dying away of the furore came a soft crying, then a young, tremulous voice. "Jo!" It wailed softly. "Jo! You don't know what you have done. Jo!" Around the corner of the little house crept the girl, Melrose, frightened and ready to flee. The old woman had disappeared into the house. Soon, however, she returned. Even before the girl could reach her boy.

"Come on, Melrose, come on," called Joseph. The girl had started back. "Come on, she won't hurt you." Granna stopped and glared upon them while the boy talked that she might hear.

"She hates you because you're more beautiful than she would have you; because you are younger than she would have you. She hates you because you love me and her aloes can't stop you!" And he laughed long and lustily. Granna looked on.

Melrose had reached his side. "Hush, Jo, you've done enough. That was the last of the drippings from the blue leaves, and

they came from far away. Someone brought them to her on a boat from an island. Listen!"

The woman, already bent from age, was bending farther over, and mumbling, mumbling, mumbling. The violet blue substance, part liquid, part resin, flowed past her in a slow stream. A slow stream from its tumbled tubs. And she, running with it, then running back, mumbled, mumbled. mumbled. The girl and her boy stood looking, the girl, frankly distressed, the boy alarmed in spite of himself.

"It's the curse!" Melrose trembled. Joseph held her hand. They were two children.

"How can it hurt? The stuff is no more than a medicine."

"Oh, but,—"

"It's her foolishness. I'll take you away from the South and its superstitions. Look at her now, the old witch." Granna was on her knees now, splashing handfuls of the substance.

Melrose turned where she stood. "I'll have to go away now, Jo. I can't go back. No! You can't go back either." Joseph had not turned where he stood. Instead, he moved toward the woman. The blue stuff flowed between them.

"Don't cross it, Jo. You can never get rid of the curse if you cross her stream!" And this served only to make him dare. He strode to the stream and jumped across.

"I'm going to take Melrose away!" he yelled. He was quite close upon Granna, but he hollered as though she had been deaf. Perhaps he did not know it. He trembled. "Melrose living under the roof with you. Lord, what a crime! I'll take her from you, old Ashface, out here in the woods. I'll take her from the South and superstition!"

Granna had been kneeling. Now she stood. But she did not measure to the height of the stripling before her. She squinted and blinked up at him, and her wrinkled black face *was* ashen with the heat of temper. She was wont to sing hymns as she brewed aloes, but she seldom talked. This late mad outburst had taken her strength, therefore, and she quivered as she stood. An aloe string hung about her neck. The Negroes of Africa's west coast wore such cords, but that gave no clue to Granna. None knew of her origin. They only knew of the pretty child she had raised. She looked up at Joseph, and he down at her. From a short distance came the soft crying of the young and tremulous voice.

"Takin' my gal, is yu? Well, tell uh don' come back when yu turn to anothuh. Ungrateful yaller devil!" A fresh thunder clap. They gyrated and all but spat in each other's faces. Youth is wild, and sometimes old age too.

"Oh, you say that again, old woman! You judge me by yourself, no doubt. I'll rid you of your hateful self!"

"Hi! You dar to tuch me." She was witch now, if ever. Her withered old hand touched the cord about her neck, and she snatched it off and dashed it in the face of Joseph. "Yu know what hit yu? Blue aloes!" And she screamed out a grating haw-haw.

Melrose ran to Joseph. For a moment he thought he was blinded. He went, by her hand, to the river, and together they bathed the bruised eyes. Then they started off to the future, empty handed, looking not behind them. Aloe House was still. And the silence deafened, so that neither heard the other catching little breaths at the outset of their journey. Neither heard. The sun now was too hot, the day was now too dry. Melrose coughed. Joseph spoke.

"Her medicines don't cure your cough."

"I got the cough from her."

"Huh!"

"All medicines can't cure a cough." They turned from the road and sat under a tree. Town was still far off.

"What of magic, Can it cure a cough?" They looked at each other.

"There isn't any magic, Jo. I'm not afraid of magic."

"You were afraid back there."

"But I've come away for good. Not afraid now." They resumed their walking —new pilgrims on the search for happiness.

"I'll take you away from the South," said the youth. Brave youth.

"Can't take me from the South, Jo. I have to stay in the South with this cough. It will go, but I'll have to stay here. Jo, where are we going?"

"Up on the hill to my father's house. It is all that I have, my father's house. When I came back last year I closed it. I paddled down Little River and found you. Now I shall open it again. We'll stay there until the cough goes."

"That will be a long time."

They neared the town. Silence had flown, but a town does not exist without its noises. This was called a pretty town, but the girl thought it drab and choky. The country behind was sweet. They entered the town. People stared or nodded, or smiled or shook their heads. In a very short time the whole town knew that Joseph was opening the old home for the girl from Aloe House. One street led up a hill overlooking its section of the town. Up the hill they went, Melrose and Joseph, looking back not once.

The house stood silent like the country along the road; the grounds were silent like the house. The girl felt thankful. They would be away from the town. The afternoon was waning. In its soft, drowsy heat Joseph went down the hill again. Melrose waited under a tree. The trees up here were gracious; their shade was cooling. How could men live in towns—narrow, stuffy places? Where had Jo lived down there? He had lived with the parson. The parson—the parson—oh! There was another thing about towns. They required parsons with love. Well, that would not matter, only it had not occurred to her before this. Love—parsons—what places were towns! Towns—country—country—Granna! But there was no magic. Aloes—just a medicine—no magic. "Till he turned to another—turned to another." But he was coming back already, and someone else was with him. The parson. She knew the parson. He had visited her when she first got the cough. Granna had been very rude. There were others coming too. Was the town moving up to kill the quiet of the hill? She sat still, rising not until Joseph spoke.

"You know who this is, Melrose. We let the others come. They can take back good news now. They'll take back one kind or another, you know." So they were married up on the hill. The crowd, curious, around them. The house, yet unopened. The "guests" carried their news back to the town.

At the parson's house they were feasted, Melrose and Joseph. The parson was kind; so was his wife. The house on the hill was opened and left to the night, that the stale air and the moths might drain out. At the parson's house they were feasted, and taught to look brightly on the future. Youth must never fear the future. These were merely words of advice; there was no fear here. With morning came work for Joseph and gifts from neighbors for the girl. Southerners are good-hearted.

Time brought only happiness. Joseph taught his young wife all he had learned North in schools. He would take her there some day, to the North. Then the girl would cough and he knew she could not go. But it was happiness, this living on the hill where the town was out of sight, and the trees whispered, and the yellow-brown creature moved about singing with the low, tremulous voice. Children from the town came up. He taught her and she taught them. Children from the town—all kinds. Little pale things with scragly locks, little pale things with heavy locks. Brown little things with silken curls, brown little things with kinky curls. They and Melrose. Melrose and they.

Time landed one day a strange cargo. Happiness a bit discolored, came with the bringing of a plant. With a plant. A gardener, an old man working about the town, brought it. A beautiful thing, and rare. Melrose thanked the man with slight strain in her voice. As soon as he had gone she dashed it on the ground, stamping it again and again, until it was bruised and broken. Bruised and broken beyond recovery. She knew most of the species of the aloe. This was akin to the blue. That Joseph might not know of it, she buried the fragments under a great flower jar. But fear and sadness descended upon her. She had brushed aside this silliness long, long ago, and now it had seized her again. Joseph said the mind could be better controlled. This she told herself many times, saying, "It is absurd to fear nothing. It is absurd!" But her cough grew worse and she trembled about her duties. She walked down the hill to meet Joseph.

"Jo, could you ever love anyone else?" They were coming to the house.

"Could anyone else be you, honey?" And he kissed her lightly as they passed the great flower jar. She shook just a little and coughed a lot. That night she sobbed aloud in her sleep.

Melrose grew paler. She felt that the cough was worse. On warm evenings Joseph paddled a canoe. Went drifting down Little River. Joseph was not afraid

of things, yet he never took the left branch of the river. The left branch of Little River flowed past Aloe House. It had been several years now since he took Melrose away, and neither of them mentioned it. Whether it still was there he did not know, nor did he go to see. So the right branch of the river was his, and he nosed round the bend automatically. On warm evenings Melrose went with him. Now she stayed home on the hill. She felt that her cough was worse. Now Joseph paddled alone.

On the water he hummed little melodies. He wished Melrose could play the piano better. Then he wished she were here on the water. Here singing with him on the water. No voice sang like hers. In the morning he would send another doctor. She must not be pale. He splashed the water and drifted. The night. Melrose would love the night out here. They had never come this far.

There came on the still air music. When had he heard such music! Music from a piano. He paddled to come nearer to it. Looking around, he saw a huge mansion on a hill. From this mansion came the music. Came the tones of silver. Light streamed from a topmost window. To a landing he guided the tiny boat and listened. The music stopped and directly the light went out. Surprised, Joseph started back, paddling hard all the way. Melrose stood at the window when he reached the house. He told her of the night. Told her of the music. Told her how he had missed her.

Next night he went again. Went in the little boat down Little River. Down the right branch, drifting and paddling till he heard the silver melody. Music in the night from a mansion on a hill. Melrose would like it so. If she would come but once. Come but once to hear. He listened at the landing. The music ceased and the light went out. Immediately Joseph moved the canoe. At home on his hill Melrose waited. Patiently stood at the window. Again he told her of the night. Of the music.

Melrose next day was weary. She longed for the night to come. She would go this night in the canoe. Please Joseph and go on the river. But the day burned by. It was hot. When evening came she was tired. At the meal she smiled, but the smile was a dismal effort. Joseph set out earlier. Melrose was weary, the air was sultry. He must get out in the boat.

On the river it was cooler. He drifted all the way. And even at the mansion night had not yet come. No music sounded except the whirring of the wind through the trees. At the landing Joseph looked up. At the window, away up high, there stood a woman. The house below her was closed. Joseph started and stared. A paddle slipped from his hand into the river, and he uttered a short cry. "Melrose!" The house was near the river. He could see clearly, but he could not believe.

The woman stepped upon a little balcony outside her window and pitched something to him. It fell by chance into the boat—a beautifully grained paddle, its arm set with a gem of blue. She raised a finger to her lips and motioned him to go. The music came as he paddled away. As he pulled away in a daze. Night had fallen when he reached his hill. Melrose stood by the window. He told her of part of the trip. Of the music and of finding a paddle, but not of a woman who was her second self.

"Let me see the paddle, Jo," she asked. He brought it to her.

"The stone is lapis-lazuli." She was calm like mist on the bog. "The wood is aloe. It is very old; the fragrance is faint." She handed it back to Joseph. He looked at the paddle and then at his wife.

"Shall I throw it away?" She nodded. "I will." Late in the night Joseph awakened talking in his sleep. "I wish I could take her away," he was saying, "take her from the South."

Then he slept again and dreamed of her —of Melrose. But the dream became muddled, and he saw one time his Melrose—saw next time this woman. She came on the balcony and turned to his wife. Melrose came and turned to the woman. Then they came together and submerged into one. He was glad to awake. Glad to find Melrose whom he knew. At sundown he would go once more that he might see this person who was like her.

He went. At sundown he went that he might see. She stood at the window and waved to him. Again she was garbed in blue. Soft, sighing blue. She had worn blue on yesterday. Her window seemed a haze of blue. Joseph seemed rather to sense this than to see it. He gazed only at her face. "Melrose!" It was not her skin alone. There were hundreds in the South like that. Brown-yellow and yellow-brown. Nor was it alone her hair. Black —deep black like crows. Nor yet her gently pushed, red lips. But her sway when

she stepped to the balcony. Her eyes like dark, melted pansies. Her waving—her languorous waving. Melrose was in her being.

Joseph returned the next evening, and the next, and the next. Many days he came at dusk, staring and bewildered. He spoke no more of his trips. Melrose asked naught about them. One time a rain came suddenly. All day the heat had stifled, but there had been little sun. Joseph was on the river. He would have turned and hurried back, but the music, more silver than the rain, came through the cooling air. He went to the landing and listened. Soon the woman, beautiful in her blue, appeared at the window. It rained too hard for her to step out, but she beckoned for him to come in. She dropped a big key, an old, rusty thing. A key seldom used, no doubt. Doing her gestured bidding, he opened a large side door. Steps, walled off from the rest of the place, wound straight up from the doorway to the top of the house. The lady, lovely person, met him. From a little anteroom she led him to where she had stood at the window. As he entered this larger room he was struck by the odor of aloes. Pleasant as the perfume was, it sickened him. For a second his head swam and he heard the low crying of Melrose's voice. He wanted to run away. Run like a little boy.

The rain on the roof was cheery but this scented, strange room was sad. It was blue. Blue from floor to ceiling, with rugs and low chairs of velvet and pillows and hangings of silk. A huge, blue opalescent dome hung low from the center ceiling. A piano, a handsome thing, stately in lacquered blue, stood beneath the dome. The walls were like a paneled, morning sky. Joseph gazed at the ceiling—at the floor—all about him. The woman stood at the window. "Like Melrose," Joseph whispered. She had forgotten him, no doubt. She was so still; he continued gazing. Now the dome. The woman turned, and while he gazed at pearl blue opalescence, she rested her eyes on him. He felt her looking and turned. And though he suspected the focusing of her eye, he flinched when their glances met. She came close to him and stood. At this range her face was older than his wife's. Even so, it was rather young, and almost as beautiful.

"The rain will cease," she said. Her voice was that of Melrose grown older. She wore a string of aloes about her throat. Joseph noticed them and gulped.

"I thank you, Madame, for your kind favor. The rain has stopped already. You were good to take me in. Now I must leave." She held his arm lightly to detain him.

"It is almost dark," said she, "and the sky is clearing. The sky from my window is wonderful at night." She returned to her window without asking him to stay. Joseph went with her. Pale stars twinkled through sailing fleece. The sky darkened as it cleared.

"Why have you come in your little boat to watch up at my window every evening?"

"Your playing, Madame, and you." Then she played for him. Played on the blue piano and brought forth silver notes. He listened long to her playing before he arose to go. He thanked her once more and started but she held him again.

"You have not seen my treasures," she said, "I have treasures. Rare things from Sokotra." She turned to a curtained corner and opened a chest of deep drawers. Proudly she drew forth trinkets. Trinkets of many descriptions. Metal necklaces and anklets of aloes. Aloe bracelets and anklets of metal. Rings and head-dresses and luckstones and bangles. Powdered perfumes of aloes and myrrh. Wood of aloes set with jewels. Aloes and cassia for scenting garments. Joseph was in a stupor.

"Rare things from Sokotra—Rare things from Sokotra." The words hummed in his brain. His brain seemed tight and bursting.

"I must go now, Madame. I must go." He heard himself saying this.

"Yes, you must go now, hurry. Hurry or they'll find you here!" The surprise of this statement destroyed the stupor. Joseph fled from the room.

The woman came close behind him. At the top of the stairs they stopped. He would have taken her hand to say goodbye, but she clung to him until he kissed her. Kissed her many times. Half way down the stairs he heard her voice calling—calling to him, "Hurry!"

Outside the night was quiet. The stars, once pale, were glowing. This air was not laden with aloes. He paddled home in a listless fear. A fear that was dull and thumping. Melrose was sleeping—and the room was blue. Oh, this was delusion. He would sleep it away. Sleep it away for-

ever. But the morning came and the room was blue. Melrose dressed in blue. She had draped their room in blue. This was pretty he told her. This change from rose to blue. But he wondered why she made it—why she made it.

Every evening he went on the river. Went before the darkness came. The woman stepped onto the balcony and threw her kisses to him. Each time he looked to see her beckon. But she did not call him, and he wondered who else was there with her. He dared not go unless she beckoned. Beckoned and dropped the key. He listened when she played, and watched her light go out. She made the room dark that the night might come in. The night with its flickering stars. He listened when she played, then paddled home.

At home one night he found aloes. Found his garden set with aloes. Straightway he sought Melrose. She waited at the window.

"Why do you have about you this thing which you fear?" he asked.

"But I do not fear it any longer. You taught me not to fear."

"They are beautiful. You did not find them here?"

"Imported. A species of the Blue from Sokotra."

"Where?"

"Sokotra."

Joseph hushed. Something rang in his mind. "Rare things from Sokotra. Rare things from Sokotra." He looked with unstill eyes at Melrose. She looked quite steadily at him.

"Did you ever have kin in Sokotra?" he queried.

"No one knows but Granna. I know nothing of myself."

"Where is Sokotra, Melrose?"

"Some place on an island." Melrose talked little recently; she moved about more, however. She felt that she was better. That the cough was growing faint.

On the night that Joseph brought the paddle Melrose had felt a quaking. Her heart had sunk within her. Within her something whispered, "When he turns to another. When he turns to another." Why she had felt this she did not know, but the quaking was there in her heart. Somehow she had known that the paddle had not been found. Someone had given it to him. The nights had passed slowly from that time. From that time the day had changed. There was something she must discover. Something was taking Joseph. She had followed him the next night. Down the river he had paddled his tiny craft and she had run behind along the bank. The trees and shrubbery had hidden her. She had followed to the mansion. Had seen the lovely creature; compared her with herself. She had returned the morning after while Joseph was away, but the house had been silent, and the woman's window closed. Again she had gone at evening, after Joseph rode ahead. With him she had seen the greetings and with him heard the music.

Once when rain showered he had entered the house. The woman had tossed him a key. Melrose had come out of hiding and run to go in behind him. The door had locked behind Joseph, and she had dropped to the ground. On her knees she had sobbed aloud. Had called out to her husband. She had not known that her voice reached him, riding on the night like a broken spirit. By the door she had remained until he passed her. Passed her without seeing, and in haste. The odor of aloes had passed with him and she had laughed in pity at herself. At home she had reached the bed just before he came. For some time their room had been blue (she had seen that the woman wore it). But Joseph had first noticed this this night.

Now Melrose felt sorrow in her heart. Sorrow mingled with disdain. Adorned in blue, she had moved about the hill, silent, but stronger and fearless. When the children came up from the town she laughed and told them stories. Stories of Granna, a shrivelled old woman who believed in witchery. Of an island where aloes grow—an island on the way to India. There people dwelt in rubble-built huts, and lived on dates and milk; and aloes kept them well and in health, and scented all their garments. Granna had lived there long ago, chasing goats and wild asses over the hills. Once Joseph listened to the tales, and he searched his wife's face for understanding. He did not know she ever talked of Granna. And Melrose felt sorrow in her heart. Sorrow and disdain. Her husband was bewitched, and she was losing fear. She seldom coughed.

At dusk she ran behind the canoe, trailing him down the river. The woman came on the balcony. She kissed him her hand and

he stretched out his arms, pantomiming love. One night she dropped down an aloe leaf. Melrose found it later. At once she filled her home with aloes, rare specimens from the island. Joseph asked about them and found her unperturbed.

Soon one evening, Melrose went ahead of Joseph. Ran swiftly along the river to the mansion on the hill. At the window stood the woman. Waiting already for Joseph. She did not see the figure darting quickly behind trees, stooping under bushes, slipping to her stairway door. But soon she heard a knocking. A knocking, knocking, knocking, and she came very softly down the steps. Without asking from the inside what was wanted, she opened wide the door.

They stood like stone, these women. Stone images reflected in a mirror. Melrose had not seen her close before. She had not seen Melrose ever. But now a look of knowing flitted across her face, then a look of awful fear, and she backed to the steps and turned and ran. Leaped like a frightened deer. Midway she wheeled again. Melrose had not moved. Back down the stairs the woman came, the look of killing in her eyes. She muttered.

"They'll not know," came the words thick and bitten, and away she flew repeating, "They'll not know!"

Melrose started after her, but she knew that Joseph would come. She expected the woman back also, and she must hold her ground. She ascended the stairs trembling. Trembling from what had passed, and what was yet to come. At the top was an antechamber. No one was within. In the large room she had a notion that she had walked into the sky. Into a sky perfumed with aloes. At the window she waited. Looked out on the river. Little River. She listened for the woman, but the woman did not return.

The canoe came gliding. Joseph's brown face was handsome. She would beckon as the woman had once done, Beckon and please him. He would come through the open door and she would kill him. Kill him in this room of blue. Yield to the curse. He looked up smiling and she tried to smile. Joseph frowned and looked harder. He would say goodbye to this woman; she was uncanny. No one should be like Melrose. He did not want this woman's smiles. He would say goodbye. Say goodbye and go. His boat nosed crosswise. He was turning.

"Jo!" came his name from the window. "Jo!" short and quick. "Jo!" the long wail. Melrose!

She did not call again. She leaned against the window, convulsed with tears and sobbing. Sobbing and shaking. Moaning. Joseph ran to the door and found it open. Found no one upstairs but Melrose. He gathered her up and took her down like a baby in his arms. He could understand nothing, but he did not ask. It was not time to ask. Home he took her in the boat. Through the town they strolled, two lovers. Lovers reconciled.

Little groups of people stood about the streets. At the hill a crowd was jabbering. Eyes centered on Melrose and Joseph. Jabbering started afresh. Faces peered. Faces black and white and yellow, brown and tan and red and black. On the hill policemen guarded. Kept the crowd away. In a porch swing rested the body. The woman was dead. The woman from the mansion. She had tried to kill a white man on the street, and then she had run in the way of a horse. She had been insane. Now she was dead. They were awaiting the ambulance. Awaiting the coming of aid. The woman had been near the hill. People said she belonged there. Joseph chilled through. Melrose burned. They both said it was a mistake. The people had made an error. The ambulance came and took her away.

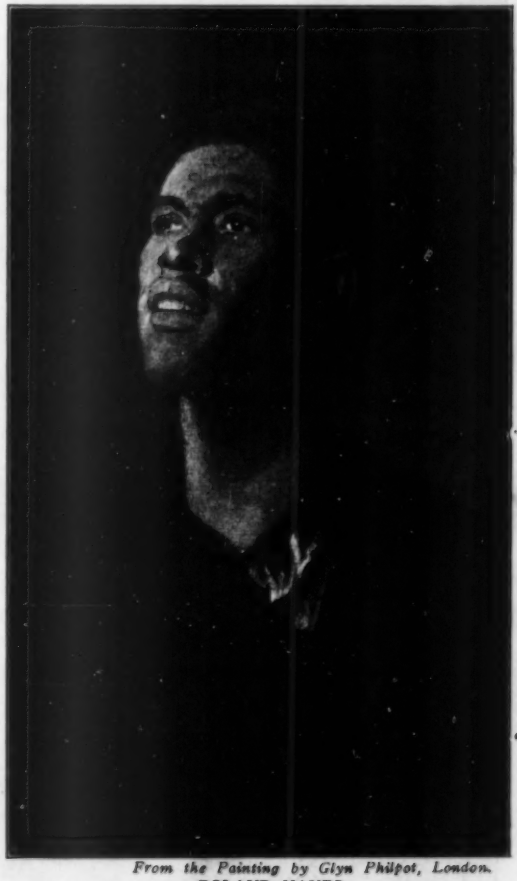
In the town the people whispered. Some said this woman was the mother of Melrose. Said Granna took Melrose when she was born. Was born of a father not black. Said the woman came from an island. Was brought by a southern family. In the town the secrets spread. "The woman, frightened, had lost her mind. She would not leave the house. The family moved and provided for her there. They left someone to keep her. No one had ever seen the person." Joseph heard the whisperings. "Whoever came, she thought to be her lover. Whoever came, she wooed in careful secrecy. Melrose was her child. Melrose her child." The whispers came to Melrose.

Joseph and Melrose went to find Granna. Back in the country down Little River—down the left branch to Aloe House. After a southern secret. They knocked at the door. Granna was not there. Nothing was there.

THE TENTH SPINGARN MEDALLIST

THE Spingarn Medal which is awarded annually "to the man or woman of African descent and American citizenship who shall have made the highest achievement during the preceeding year in any honorable field of human endeavor" is this year by vote of the Committee given to Mr. Roland Hayes because of the reputation which he has gained as a singer in England, Germany and France and especially in America where he was last year soloist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and last but not least, because in all his singing, Mr. Hayes has so finely interpreted the beauty and charm of the Negro folk song.

BISHOP JOHN HURST, *Chairman*
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD
PRESIDENT JOHN HOPE
DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER
JAMES H. DILLARD
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
W. E. B. DU BOIS



From the Painting by Glyn Philpot, London.
ROLAND HAYES

POEM

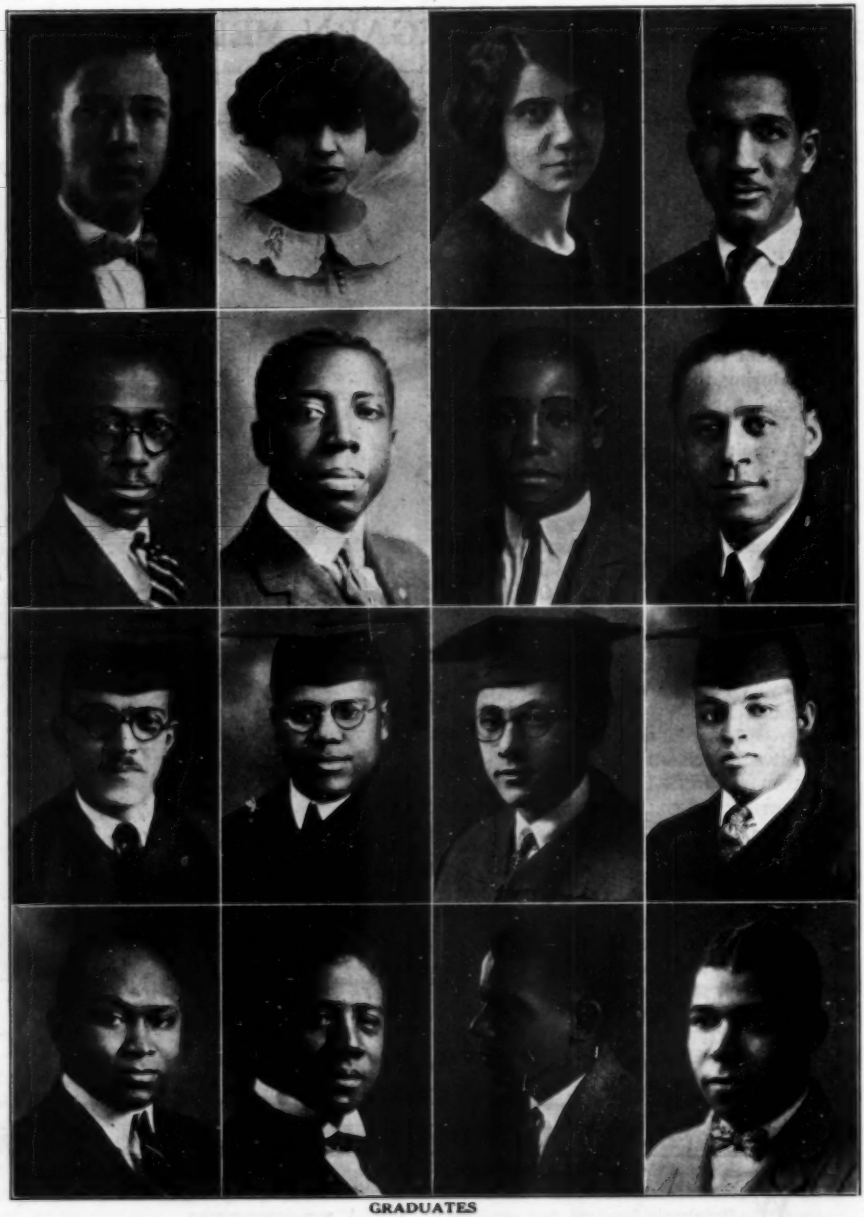
LANGSTON HUGHES

WE have tomorrow
Bright before us
Like a flame.

Yesterday, a night-gone thing,
A sun-down name.

And dawn-today
Broad arch above the road we came.

We march.



GRADUATES

Harold D. Jackman
B.S., New York

Miles D. Davis, Jr.
B.S., D.D.S., Northwestern

Robert F. Edwards
D.D.S., Northwestern

Aloin H. Lane
D.D.S., Northwestern

Alice E. McGee
A.B., Illinois

Paul L. Dumas
D.D.S., Northwestern

James W. McCaskill
D.D.S., Northwestern

John W. Thomas
S.T.B., Boston

Alice M. Harris
B.S., Temple

Williard P. Price
M.D., Indiana

John F. Taylor
Ph.G., Southern Calif.

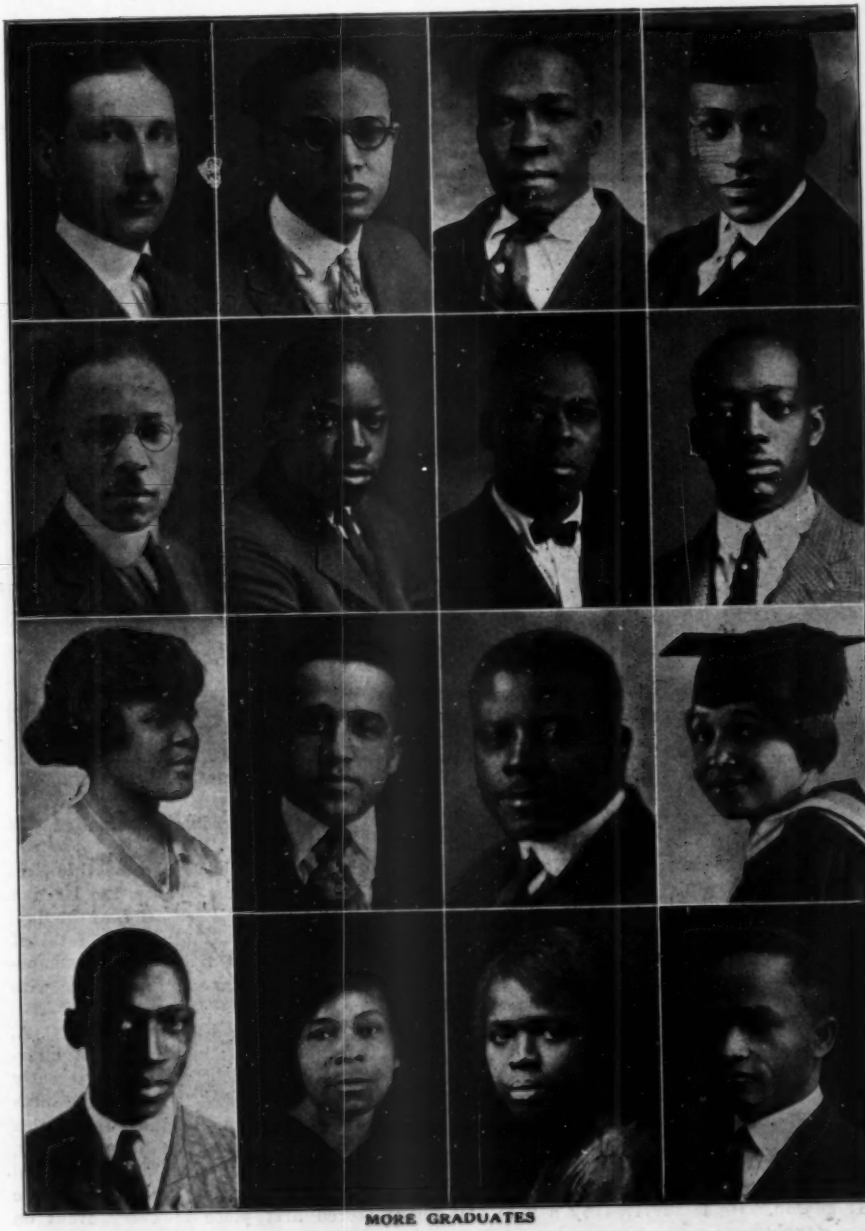
Herbert A. Sheen
B.S., Chicago

Paul D. Lofton
D.D.S., Ohio State

P. A. Fitzgerald
D.D.S., Northwestern

John E. Cooper
D.D.S., Northwestern

Frank L. Thompson
C.E., Cornell



MORE GRADUATES

A. D. Price
B.S., Northwestern
Ernest E. King
B.D., Chicago Y. M. C. A.
Ruth W. Whaley
LL.B., Fordham
LeRoy Payne
A.B., City College of N. Y.

Myles A. Paige
LL.B., Columbia
Elbert H. Banks
B.S., Pittsburgh
F. W. Martin
M.B.A., Harvard
Blanche T. Wilson
LL.B., Fordham

Elmer W. Carrington
Ph.G., Temple
James T. Hewlett
B.S., Harvard
Arthur Floyd
B.S. Minnesota
Hilda F. Stoute
A.B., Hunter

Lee A. Taylor
Ph.C., Temple
Stanford P. Berry
D.D.S., Ohio State
Ida L. Jackson
A.M., California
F. Rickaford Meyers
A.B., Columbia

The Horizon

THE EGYPTIAN FOOTBALL TEAM AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES, CHALONS, FRANCE

¶ Levi Jenkins Coppin, Thirtieth Bishop, A. M. E. Church is dead in Philadelphia. He was seventy-six years old. He was born in Fredericktown, Maryland, attended school for about five years and received the remainder of his preparatory education through private study. Later, he attended the P. E. Divinity School at Philadelphia and in 1876 began to preach as a member of the Philadelphia conference. In 1900 he was elected Bishop. At one time he was editor of the A. M. E. Review and president of the Church Extension Board. He was married to Miss Fannie M. Jackson of educational fame, one time principal of the old I. C. Y. in Philadelphia. Some time after her death he married Dr. Evelyn M. Thompson. He is survived by a wife and one daughter.

¶ J. H. N. Waring will be the new principal of the Downingtown Industrial and Agricultural School at Downingtown, Pennsylvania. This is a fitting appointment as Mr. Waring succeeds his father, the late Dr. J. H. N. Waring, late principal of this same institution.

¶ In the Olympic shooting competition recently held in Chalons, France, the Haitian competitors proved the sensation of the day. The United States scored with a total of 470 points in the 400 and 600 metre competitions but the Haitians followed close with a score of 460 points. France was third.

¶ The New York 135th Street Y. M. C. A. captured first honors in the annual interbranch track and field meet held recently at Governor's Island. This is the fourth time that the Harlem lads have had this record. With the exception of two events, the standing broad jump and the forty-yard dash for ninety pound youngsters, these boys scored first place in every event on the program.

¶ The new medical inspector of the colored schools of Knoxville, Tennessee, will be Dr. M. L. Boyd, a graduate of the troit Medical College.

¶ The Dunbar Debating and Literary Club

DUNBAR DEBATING AND LITERARY CLUB

of the Manual Training and Industrial School at Bordentown, N. J., stands for one hundred per cent loyalty, conduct and scholarship. It is sponsored by Mr. Nolden E. White of Atlanta University.

¶ Archibald J. Carey, Jr., won the $1,000 Prize in the National Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Chicago *Daily News*. He is 16 years old, a senior in the Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago, and is the son of Bishop A. J. Carey of the A. M. E. Church. His subject was "The Constitution".

¶ Among the contributors to the August CRISIS are: Ottie B. Graham, a former student of Howard and Columbia Universities; Langston Hughes, a Columbia student now gaining new impressions in France and Spain; Stuart Nelson, an A.B. of Howard, sometime student at the University of Paris and Protestant Theological Seminary of Paris and of the Universities of Marburg and Berlin, now a graduate of the Yale Divinity School; George W. Hodges, member of the Law School of Columbia; Arna Bontemps, a young poet of San Francisco; and Albert Sydney Beckham with a doctorate from Columbia, now Professor of Psychology at Howard University.

ARCHIBALD J. CAREY, JR.

THE 15TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE (over)
"We hold these truths to be self-evident,"

HONOR GRADUATES HOWARD UNIVERSITY

Woolsey W. Hall L. J. Green Judson E. Best James Pinn M. J. Banks

¶ The position of Secretary of the United States Legation at Monrovia, Liberia is open. The salary and allowances are about three thousand dollars. Applicants must pass an examination including international law and one modern language and must be not over forty years of age. Persons interested in this matter may write the Editor of THE CRISIS.

¶ There were 45 Negroes among the 4,000 social workers who met at Toronto. E. K. Jones was elected to the executive committee. William Pickens, Dr. A. B. Jackson, George C. Haynes, Dr. Charles Garvin, John T. Clark, Mrs. Blanche A. Beatty and Mrs. Helen Sayre made informing speeches. Isaac Fisher and C. V. Roman did the sort of thing that they usually do.

¶ The Boys' Progressive Club of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, has organized the first Negro boy scouts troop in that state. The scout master is Frank W. Wess, head of the science department of the Dunbar High School.

¶ David H. Sims has been elected to the presidency of Allen University, Columbia, S. C. He is a native of Alabama and a graduate of Oberlin. He also holds the degree of B.D. and A.M. from the University of Chicago. Prior to holding this position, President Sims was Professor of Education and German at Morris Brown University and later Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences in the University of which he is now the head.

¶ J. Francis Mores, Baritone, assisted by

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADV

"that all men are created equal, that they are endow

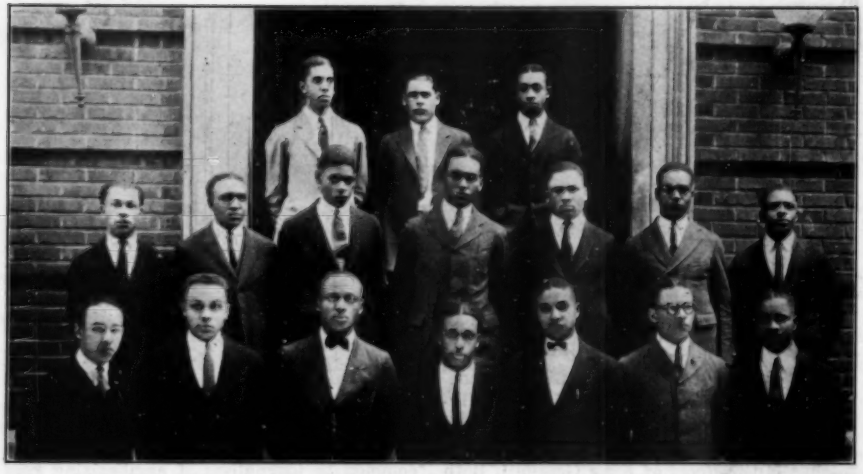
HONOR STUDENTS OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY
Beatrice Yancey Virginia Ruffin Mamie Neale Harriet Stewart Roberta Yancey

Miss Evelyn Dove, Soprano, of Sierra Leone, has appeared in successful recital at Wigmore Hall, London. Later he appeared again at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton in the famous Music Room of King George I. Both appearances were under the management of George Lattimore. All the numbers rendered were the work of Negro Composers.

¶ At the Institute for a Christian Basis of World Relations held in June at Vassar College 12 Negroes were present among the 175 delegates. They were Mrs. Addie Hunton-Floyd, Miss Eva Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. John Hope, Mrs. Elizabeth Ross Haynes, Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook, Dean Lucy Slowe, Miss Frances Gunner, Miss Frances Grant, Miss Nettie Bickford, Mrs. Georgine Smith, Miss Colson and Miss Jessie Fauset. Dean Slowe and Miss Fauset spoke before the entire assembly on aspects of racial conditions. Some important resolutions were passed including one decrying the practice common to journalism of emphasizing race in connection with crime.

¶ Edwin Drummond Sheen has been named literary editor of the 1926 *Millidek*, the college paper published at James Millikin University of Decatur, Illinois. Mr. Sheen is a junior and is majoring in English. He has received preliminary honors in the School of Liberal Arts, a second prize in a French contest and was also selected as one of seven contestants for a prize offered to the member of the senior or junior class displaying the most accurate knowledge of certain English classics.

EMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE (over)
their Creator with certain unalienable Rights";



COLLEGE GRADUATES MOREHOUSE COLLEGE

¶ Forrester B. Washington has been appointed Director of a survey on race relationships in Pennsylvania, and Prince L. Edwoods has been made Assistant and Field Worker. The appointments were made by Governor Pinchot.

¶ That a new era in Moslem missionary work has opened, may be seen in the fact that regional conferences modelled on the National Christian Conferences of India, Japan and China have been held in North Africa and Western Asia. Thus far these conferences have been as follows:

Regional Conference for Northwest Africa at Constantine, Algeria, February 6-9; Regional Conference for Egypt, the Soudan and Abyssinia at Helouan, Egypt, Feb. 22-26; Regional Conference for Syria and Palestine at Brummana, Syria, March 25-29; General Conference for the entire Moslem World at Jerusalem, April 3-7.

IN FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.
"that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

STILL MORE GRADUATES

Thomas G. Bronson
M.D., Kansas State
C. W. White
LL.B., Harvard
Stuart T. Davison
M.D., California
A. L. Sewall
B.C.S., New York

Thomas N. Jackson, Jr.
M.D., Boston
Allen T. Wood
B.S., Hampton
Sadie M. Gray
Ph.B., Chicago
William D. Jefferson
D.D.S., Western Reserve

P. C. Robinson
D.M.D., Harvard
Ruth E. Bowles
Ph.B., Chicago
Oramay Pate
A.B., Ohio State
Leslie P. Hill
LL.B., Yale

Ulysses S. Wiggins
M.D., Michigan
Howard R. Gray
B.B.A., Boston
B. V. Lawson, Jr.
A.B., Michigan
Henry C. Ferguson
LL.B., Chicago

THE HIGHER REACHES

STUART NELSON.

THE moment has arrived in our race life when a superior intellectual attainment becomes imperative. There is a need of men *eminent* in training and achievement. The lower levels must no longer satisfy; the higher reaches call and call insistently.

A careful appraisal of our past and a full appreciation of the demands the present is making upon the race reveal the necessity of this particular emphasis. As to the past, there has been much poetry as well as some truth in the enthusiastic claims of race orators. But if our history is going to serve its greatest usefulness in helping us build now and in the future, it must be correctly as well as poetically appraised. It is truth that makes for freedom and an attitude that is coldly critical, severely honest will prove in the end most fruitful. Race loyalty, like love, is sometimes blind, and passionate devotion to a cause is not always critical. It is an unprejudiced evaluation of our achievements that will serve to largest purpose, and that we need increasingly to seek.

Certainly, no disparagement to our past is meant here. Were there a doubt as to the excellence of our accomplishments reference to any history would prove convincingly the contrary. Our purpose is, rather, to indicate certain limitations which perforce have marked our activity, that the need of our passing on to higher levels might become more apparent.

Thus far, in the main, the energy of the race has been given to the more practical pursuits, or to controversial activity, or to the exhibition, sometimes the exploitation of rare native talent. That is, on the one hand, the demands of a livelihood have engaged a great mass of us. These demands offered a serious problem to the majority of the four million freed men. A higher but still very practical pursuit was that of laying a foundation in secondary and industrial education. It is a marvel of the early emancipation period that so large a number passed on to the higher planes of education. Then, those who became trained were turned inevitably into the field of controversy. When a Dixon hurled his "Leopard Spots" someone had to reply in kind. A DuBois, poet and litterateur that he might be, was forced to take the field in contention for racial rights. And finally, possessed of certain native talent, we have become, with comparatively little training, orators and singers, and have entertained. This first half century of freedom has been spent in foundation building, and it is in no sense a reflection that its greatness is to be measured by the depths from which we have come rather than the heights to which we have attained. That, with few exceptions, we have not produced the eminent scholar or scientist, that we have produced distinguished controversialists rather than poets and philosophers is by no means discrediting to our past. It explains simply a condition. If it is a fact, it cannot be gainsaid that excuse exists for it.

But when we come to study the demands of the present we are forced to view the situation in a different light. The problem of the Negro youth today is not that of their fathers. The demand is that we produce rather than explain. We are being forced to compete in every field and on every plane, and are being judged as we stand or fall, simply. We are asked to *demonstrate* our fathers' *claims* to racial equality; we are told that assertions of equality may carry conviction, but prove nothing, that only in breadth and depth of training, in a firm grasp of every problem by which men are beseiged, can we establish indisputably our claim to equal intellectual capacity and attainment. And the Negro youth are realizing that the burden of proof begins to fall on them, that the sooner exceptional achievement makes explanations as to handicaps, unnecessary, the sooner will our equality be demonstrated and acknowledged.

It is in the realm of impersonal, disinterested study and research that special effort need now be made. It is in the higher reaches of scholarly attainment that men are looking for evidences of genuine ability.

An important discovery will dissipate more prejudice than floods of oratory and volumes of controversial literature—indeed enhance many fold the efforts of the controversialist. The recent scientific articles of Dr. Just, challenging so eminent an authority as the late Loeb and creating serious discussion in the most authoritative circles, are making race history that requires no explanation. Roland Hayes has rendered signal service in demonstrating in two continents the superior capabilities of a Negro artist, not only in the field of his own folk song, but in the realm of the "deathless" classics. If the report is true that a southern Senator unsuspectingly sat at dinner with Henry O. Tanner, as the two sailed eastward across the Atlantic, the Senator knowing Tanner was a painter but never dreaming he was a Negro, then Tanner has done for the Senator what no amount of argument or oratory could.

These men are among those of the race who have attained to the higher reaches. They have sought knowledge for the sake of knowledge and truth and have developed their art for its own sake; and incidentally they have contributed immeasurably to the race and to humanity. It is the development of this type of achievement that must be encouraged. We need real scientists, superior artists. We need educators with the best equipment obtainable; sociologists, and fewer "race-ologists." They will prove the best propagandists; they will furnish real material for the race orator, and place the finest weapon in the hands of the controversialist. Moreover, they will make a real, unselfish contribution to humanity's welfare. And in the final analysis, race interest notwithstanding, this is the highest duty and the most compensating achievement.

When we see the problem in this light we wonder if we are completely measuring up to what the present properly demands of us. Is a sufficiently large percentage of students pursuing graduate study? How many received the doctorate this year? Are not too many of our exceptional men and women satisfied with an average training? Are not many of our Phi Beta Kappa and honor students stopping short when brilliant and useful careers in scholarly study and research await them? The higher reaches call but too often comes no answer from the most promising young men and women of the race.

That real difficulties attend these efforts to higher attainments is not to be denied. The financial problem is ever present and often without solution. The sacrifice in time and energy is not to be minimized. Personal initiative, ambition, courage are subjected to tests that admit of no compromise. But the youth of the race face a large responsibility and it is inconceivable that they will not accept its challenge and acquit themselves with distinction.

Indeed, it is gratifying to note how general is becoming the appreciation of this point of view. One of the most promising signs in the race life today are the efforts of organization among young men and women for the promotion of higher training. Especially active are the college fraternities and sororities. These organizations are pushing out into larger fields of activity, and are bent on capitalizing for service the advantages that organization offers them. Casting about to find how they might best help they have determined upon encouraging the pursuit of higher study either through campaigns of education or the offering of scholarships both for study at home and abroad. This is an example worthy to be followed, and a spirit that must permeate the entire race.

Our past is secure; the generations that have passed and are passing have bequeathed us no handicap. But the present has its own demands, always larger and severer. On the foundation that two generations have laid, the Negro youth of today must erect a structure of intellectual attainment that will make any claim to our equality not only unquestionable but unnecessary.

POEM

LANGSTON HUGHES

I AM waiting for my mother.
She is Death.
Say it very softly.
Say it very slowly if you choose.
I am waiting for my mother,
Death.

THE COST OF A LEGAL EDUCATION

GEORGE W. HODGES.

WHAT is the price of a legal education?

What for instance has Frederick B. Wells, Columbia law student, had to pay as the cost of his last semester's training?

The facts in Mr. Wells' case are very simple. He entered Columbia University about the first of February, filing at that time an application for a room in one of the dormitories. About a month later a vacancy occurred in Furnald Hall, concerning which the director of admissions wrote him:

"I can offer you No. 528, Furnald Hall, a single room costing about $70.00 for the rest of the spring session. If you would like an assignment to this room please notify me about 4 P. M. Wednesday, March 5th."

FREDERICK B. WELLS

On March 5th, Mr. Wells entered the dormitory and remained unmolested until April 1st. Then a petition was drawn up by the hall committee, composed of students, which after setting forth the fact that Mr. Wells was a Negro and as such was undesirable to the "Southern white gentlemen" composing a majority of the inmates, stated that if he were not ousted at once, the gentlemen would leave in a body, nor would they even wait for breakfast the following morning. The petition was presented by a Virginian named Rucker.

On his own initiative, Dean Hawkes replied that Columbia had always had Negro students and had never discriminated against them or the members of any other race, and that she would stand strictly by her tradition. Further, if any student wished to leave on account of such a stand he was at liberty to do so. The faculty representative in Furnald Hall added that Mr. Wells had set a standard for many of the men in cleanliness and general deportment and that there were several whom he would rather see go than Wells.

The following night about 12:30 a flaming cross was seen in the middle of the athletic field which lasted, however, only so long as it took a real, red-blooded Columbia student to reach the spot and give it one mighty kick. The hall committee, trying to explain the affair to their best advantage, claimed that Mr. Wells kept late hours and entertained noisy friends in his room. Yet in the next breath they gave as their reason for not acting sooner in the matter the fact that they had not known that Wells was a student but for some time had taken him for a porter.

These two statements are on the face of things irreconcilable. If they knew that he was noisy and kept late hours how could they fail to know that he was there? On the other hand if they did not know that he was there how on earth could they know that he was noisy and kept late hours?

Their next assertion was that the burning of the cross was not the work of students. Yet, while the cross was burning, students in Furnald Hall were shouting, "put the nigger out." It seems hardly probable that in the light of the attendant circumstances, the two things should happen at the same time unless they were in some way related to each other.

During this incident Mr. Wells paid a tremendous installment on the price of his legal education. What, one wonders, were the dominant thoughts in his mind as he sat alone in his room realizing that here he was in the most intellectual spot of the

most intellectual city in America and yet just outside his door were the yells of fellow students so fiendish that they might be surpassed only by savages in the darkest jungle of Australia; and under his door each morning was to be found a card of threats signed K. K. K.?

The probabilities are that no one will ever know his thoughts because he positively refuses to disclose them. But the chances are that he thought of the various law schools in Virginia whose doors stand wide open day and night to welcome Mr. Rucker who had presented the petition asking for Wells' removal. Doubtless he recalled, too, how his own state of Tennessee had taxed colored and white for the support of her professional schools and how in the expenditures, the Negro was left out entirely. He must have also wondered what sin he or any other Negro had ever committed that he needs must be so persecuted and forced to pay such a price to become a lawyer. However, whatever the price he was determined to pay it; from this his determination never wavered.

His intimate friend and he walked over the campus or sat above in his room, the friend listening for a long drawn out story of complaint; but never was such a word uttered. For this reason it cannot be too strongly asserted that the person who said Wells was found crying in his room did violence to the facts. This man is no crybaby.

There is an old saying that the darkest cloud has a silver lining. This cloud knew no exception. During the two weeks following the incident more than five hundred letters were received by Mr. Wells from practically every state in the Union and from several foreign countries but not one condoned the act. Writers from the South deplored the affair but felt sure that no Southern boy could have been at the head of such a movement. For example:

"When I lived in Paducah, I had charge of a lumber yard where we employed a number of colored men, and all were extremely loyal to me in their work. Most of them owned their homes and I never heard of any friction between the white and colored race. . . . I do not believe that any Southern boy is at the head of the movement at Columbia."

And from Wheeling, W. Va., comes the following vindication of the K. K. K. This is a literal transcript:

"See in the news where it speaks of you received a letter from the K. K. K. am sure this letter was never sent by the K. K. K. They don't do any body any harm, only want and ask people to be 100 per cent American as the K. K. K. am sure they are. Did you ever stop and reason this out. It could be some enemy of the K. K. K. who sends sich letters out as only lady in Akron did on her own husband signed K. K. K. so the man stayed out of the city almost one year and the K. K. K. had to suffer until she told the official that she sign the letter that way. There are good people and bad in all orders but that shouldent stop any person from doing good. They haven't anything against the colored people only want the evil ones to mend and the Cath. they want them to let the kiddies go to public schools and all schools under one head—all churches—one god they haven't anything against any church. Do a little Detective work yourself and dont say anything to anybody."

Various educators have invoked divine guidance and pleaded for the rights of man. Bishop Gregg, president of Wilberforce University wrote:

"We want you to know that in your trying moments for manhood rights we at Wilberforce fully sympathize with you and are willing to help in any way we can. We do not know just how to do that but we stand ready.

"God bless and protect you in this noble fight and raise up friends for you."

From the A. M. A. comes the following exhortation and sound advice:

The American Missionary Association teachers after the war faced the Ku Klux Klan and never wavered, never equivocated and never retired from the field. We are still behind every struggle for political, educational and human equality. I am not speaking officially, but personally, when I say that I hope that you will stand for your rights and will not submit to be intimidated because you are not the issue, behind you are innocent millions of reds, yellows, browns and blacks who are making the same human struggle in the wide world that you are in your corner at Columbia. The sense of responsibility I am sure will give you courage and we want you to know that our best wishes and sympathy are behind you. If human beings, just as human beings, cannot be given a chance in our modern universities and colleges, then in God's name where may they be able to expect that the door of opportunity for culture and advancement will be open? The most alarming feature of the mounting tide of prejudice that is spreading through the North is that it is corrupting our colleges.

George L. Cady, Sec.

The following is characteristic of students and ex-students of Columbia:

"My Friday's 'Times' just arrived and I dropped the housecleaning mop to look it over . . . and leave it dropped to now pen you a line.

"We do not know each other, but one year

ago now I was on the Furnald Hall Committee. . . . Wherefore I say to you, if you are the type that the items imply, stand your ground like a man. Budge not; neither become nervous and unsettled. Let right-minded residents of Furnald Hall fight your cause and be victorious. Keep your head; your self-respect. God bless you . . . and give 'em HELL."

Dr. George E. Haynes, Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches in America and Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia said:

"As an alumnus of Columbia and one of the former students to enoy its privileges, I commend the position you have maintained in what is by no means a personal matter. You are acting not only for your personal interest but also for the academic opportunity of a great company of aspiring colored youth. There is also involved a principle of freedom vital to every American of whatever creed or color whether in academic halls or out of them."

New England speaks:

Boston:

"How students with even an elementary understanding of the principles of the law can take such a childish and unworthy attitude is beyond me."

Haverhill:

"My greetings to Goldberg and the other friends who from reports are standing by you. Keep in mind, Garrison, Phillips, Higginson and old John Brown."

And the following echoes found their way across the Atlantic:

France:

"The doors of France and her institutions are always open to men of your type."

England:

"Your manhood and courage, hard to maintain under such trying circumstances are attributes much needed in our international characters."

Ireland:

"Ireland sympathizes with you. Your fight is our fight and neither can afford to give over."

In this affair Mr. Wells has seemed the least concerned of all the people who were in any way connected therewith. He kept about his work as though nothing had ever happened. On the other hand the joke was on Rucker. Students from all parts of the campus made pilgrimages to the law school to see this wonderful creature. Usually he wore an air of indifference and tried to appear unconscious of the sensation which he had caused. But when this writer last saw him, things were different. It was just a few days before Commencement and he with other members of the senior class was rushing to the bulletin board to see if his name were written there. It was, but just above it was the word—Failure. He paused for a moment and then with tear-filled eyes and faltering steps turned and wended his way to his beloved Furnald Hall to drink the bitter dregs alone.

I did not rejoice—the matter was too serious for that. But into my mind flashed the words of Lowell:

"At the devil's booth are all things sold—
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold."

HOPE

ARNA BONTEMPS

LONE and dismal; hushed and dark,
Upon the waves floats an empty bark.

The stars go out; the raindrops fall,
And through the night comes a ghostly call—

My lone and dismal life's a-float
Upon the seas like an empty boat.

Above the heights where the sea-gulls soar,
The thunder lifts its resonant roar.

Like a jagged arrow a flash is sent,
That splits the clouds with a double rent.

And just beyond my bark that drifts,
Moonbeams steal through the kindly rifts.

APPLIED EUGENICS

ALBERT SIDNEY BECKHAM

EUGENICS is the science of improving the race through better heredity. It has done much to throw light on a number of social problems of our day. It is strange that scientists, sentimentalists, and even philanthropists have almost entirely overlooked eugenics in the universal consideration of the Negro and his problems. There are three main phases of eugenics that are of direct importance to the so-called problems of the Negro. These are the mental, moral and physical aspects.

No intelligent and farsighted Negro will deny that the intelligence quotient or mental level of his group ought to be raised. The need for a higher moral tone of the urban Negro especially, is seen by the social worker, the educator and philanthropist. It is obvious that a campaign of education would be in order that impressed upon the Negro the immediate necessity of physical fitness. It must be borne in mind that the average percent of Negroes that die from pulmonary and other forms of tuberculosis is much greater than that of whites. Science says this is partly due to a weaker resistance. This physical condition has nothing to do with the Negro's environment. Environment is another factor.

The principal question in eugenics is this: How shall we check mental, moral, and physical degeneracy? How can we preserve and disseminate the best of our human qualities among all the people? Unlike the Indian, the Negro is destined to remain a big factor in our civilization. He is here to stay. Hence, his mental, moral and physical development ought be of chief concern to educators, scientists and legislators as well as philanthropists. It is to be regretted that at present this is not true. Eugenics is interested in breeding for tomorrow a better Negro. One more anxious, more capable, and more courageous to assume a larger share of our economic, political and social responsibilities.

No one nowadays doubts unusual abilities in the individual Negro. Statistics abound with individual aspirations realized. Many of these are considered by the less fortunate of the group as the "Giant Negro."

> "Make no more giants Lord
> But elevate the race at once."

What the Negro needs and needs now is more attention given to the group. Such attention should be both sympathetic and scientific. The trouble with most white scientists who study the problems of the Negro is that they lack sympathetic understanding. Hence the number of quasi scientific studies of the Negro. Especially is this true in the field of psychology and more particularly true in that branch of psychology called mental testing. The army tests only furnish a glaring example. There are others equally as absurd. On more than one occasion opposing results have been obtained by psychologists testing the mental status of colored children in the city schools especially the New York schools. This should not be if we hope to class psychology as an exact science. Much depends on the tester, his attitude while testing, and the sympathy with which he attacks his problem.

One should not attach social stigma to the individuals or the group after the tests have been given and the results known. Yet, this is the practice of a number of psychologists in the field of education where the intelligence of the Negro is concerned. The social attitude and sympathetic insight, as well as scientific accuracy are essential in the study of group and racial problems. Eugenics will improve the Negro of the future. It is true that both the psychologist and sociologist can, if they have sympathy as well as scientific technique, help the eugenist in raising the group standard of the Negro. Man needs not only improved soil but improved seed. Sociology can assist the Negro by improving the soil, eugenists can assist by improving the seed.

Scientists are essentially agreed that mental and moral characters are inherited and with about the same degree of intensity as physical characters. We should see to it that the best of the Negro's mental acumen and moral fiber are passed on to the next generation.

The need of eugenics in race betterment is more glaring today than ever before. This is evident when we realize that in a recent test given to 564 colored children 63 per cent had some physical defects. In making a better race—the first step is to extirpate disease, check vice, and lessen crime. Both vice and crime have a high correlation with disease. We apply eugenics to the raising of plants and animals, and we get wonderful results. Eugenics is ready to aid one of the greatest problems of the twentieth century, that of the Negro. But in order to do it successfully the concerted efforts of all is necessary. We should remember that the betterment of mankind is the highest achievement of applied science. Eugenics is not a panacea for all racial ills, but it is a pathway that leads to the solving of a number of racial problems with which we have to contend.

Eugenics can only help the Negro in respect to the degree in which he controls his mating. Is the Negro mating properly? Is he breeding for brains, beauty, physical prowess or just breeding? Is he transmitting to his progeny a better mental, moral and physical equipment? He should remember that undesirable tendencies are transmitted. It is fundamental to note that persons of like undesirable traits should not mate. Persons of the best blood as evidenced by mental, moral, and physical life should mate if possible. This would insure an eugenic product of the highest type. It is to be regretted that at present the birth rate of the best blood barely suffices that lost by death.

The way to improve the race is to get facts as to the inheritance of different characteristics, first hand acquaintance of the facts is necessary. With these facts at hand persons should be urged to make suitable matings. Love between the sexes should be as much a matter of the head as of the heart. We hear much nowadays of the Intelligence Quotient or I Q of the Negro. When both parents lack the capacity of developing properly the cortical cells, all the children will be wanting in that respect; such individuals should not marry.

The statement of Dr. Albert G. Keller, is to be taken with the proverbial grain of salt when he says, "The task of breeding men looks too large for human power and many and sore would be the misgivings of the thoughtful man at seeing it placed in human hands." There is more food for serious thought in a quotation from Edward L. Thorndike of Columbia University. He says, "The same sort of tuition whereby men are learning to want those who are allied with them to be healthier, nobler and more capable will serve to teach us to want those who are to live with our children's children healthier, nobler and more capable." The Negro who is anxious about and interested in the betterment of the future race must exercise more care in the selection of a proper consort.

This is only a step in the right direction. The experiment is of long duration and infinitely complex. Only after an elaborate system of information concerning family histories for many generations is at hand, can we prophesy and control with economy the breeding of the race. Yet we do know that by a careful selection of ancestry, both intellect and character may be improved. Observation enables us to discover the best strains. It is necessary that we perpetuate such strains if we hope to breed a better race. There are those who claim that this kind of a selection, that is a scientific selection, is fraught with many dangers including the danger of deterioration. But the danger of deterioration in physical and social conditions from breeding for intellect and morals is trivial.

The controlling factors of Negro progress are religion and education. Both of these have played and are playing an important rôle in the evolution of the new Negro. Religion has attempted race improvement and made considerable success. It undoubtedly makes better men and women. In a number of Negro communities it is quite obvious that religion and education have not gone hand in hand. It is a serious indictment where this occurs. Where we find this condition the real message of religion is often missed. Eugenics in the religion of the Negro will mean the rise of a better and educated ministry.

Education, like religion, makes better men and women. It takes education to handle the problem of the fit and the unfit. The future problems of the Negro will be the elimination of the unfit and the perpetuation of the fit. Eugenics applied to the Negro will be a successful experiment. If the Negro is to come into his full capacities he must not be afraid to experiment. He must see how the facts of modern science can contribute to his progress.

AND STILL MORE GRADUATES

George M. Johnson
A.B., California
Beulah B. Farmer
B.S., Cincinnati
Letty M. Wickliffe
A.B., Michigan
Lloyd A. Loomis
LL.B., Michigan

Lawrence C. Perry
B.S. & D.D.S., Michigan
A. Virginia Stephens
B.S., California
Ruth De Mond
A.B., Syracuse
H. Theodore Tatum
B.S., Columbia

E. Holsey Waller
B.S., Pennsylvania
Lois I. Holland
B.S., Illinois
L. Mary B. Wright
B.E., Cincinnati
Arthur L. Kidd
A.B., Michigan

Earl D. Alexander
LL.B., Western Reserve
Ethel L. Frost
A.B., Butler
Helen L. Leaflet
Ph.B., Chicago
L. E. Jeffries
LL.M., Detroit

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

TO NEGROES

E. RALPH CHENEY

WE envy you of darker skin,
We, sad in our scorn and dumb in our sin.
For ever you've had in the face of wrong
The lance of laughter, the shield of song.

* * *

A RACE PREJUDICE PRAYER

O God, who hast made man in thine own likeness and who dost love all whom thou hast made, suffer us not, because of difference in race, color or condition, to separate ourselves from others, and thereby from thee; but teach us the unity of thy family and the universality of thy love. As thy Son, our Saviour, was born of an Hebrew mother and ministered first to His brethren of the House of Israel, but rejoiced in the faith of a Syro-Phoenician woman and of a Roman soldier, and suffered His cross to be carried by a man of Africa; teach us, also, while loving and serving our own, to enter the communion of the whole family; and forbid that, from pride of birth and hardness of heart, we should despise any for whom Christ died, or injure any in whom He lives. Amen.

—MORNAY WILLIAMS.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE

FROM December 1923 through June 1924 there have been about twenty-five articles and periodicals on the Negro not counting those on Africa and not counting magazines published specifically for the Negro or in his interest. The leading articles are:

A series of four articles on migration, *Collier's*, December 8, 1923, January 19, March 15 and 29, 1924, by W. O. Saunders.

Three articles on migration, *Monthly Labor Review*, January 24, March 24 and April 24, 1924.

"The Southern Delegate Scandal", *Literary Digest*, January 5.

"The Negro in 1923", M. N. Work, *Journal of Social Forces*, January.

"Race Relations in North Carolina", by C. C. Pearson, *South Atlantic Quarterly*, January.

"The Passing of Color Prejudice, S. Rice, *Asiatic Review*, January.

"The Black Man's Secret Languages", *Literary Digest*, January 19.

"The Educational Commission to East Africa", *School and Society*, January 12.

"The Making of Modern Abyssinia", M. C. Cooper, *Asia*, February.

"Whitfield, Apostle of Racial Good Will", L. A. Walton, *The Outlook*, April 9.

"A Comparison of White and Negro Children", by D. Sunne, *School and Society*, April 19.

Two articles on "When the Negro comes North", by R. L. Hartt, *World's Work*, May and June.

"Rambling 'Round in Music Land", J. T. Howard, *The Musician*, June.

A debate on the Negro and the Cotton Crop, H. Snyder and H. B. McKenzie. *North American Review*, January and April.

"The Training of Negro Doctors", *The Outlook*, March 19.

"Blind Black Babies", K. Hubbard, *The Survey*, April 15.

"RACE"

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS touches the logical core of recent race discussion in the *American Mercury*. He says:

There are two fundamental assumptions which all the current protagonists of racial superiority make, both of which are unproved and probably completely fallacious. The first is that race and culture can be related, one to the other. The second, upon which the first should rest, is that we are able to give a reasonably complete definition of the term "race".

He goes on to say:

To what extent, in fact, is race really defined today? To speak of racial intelligence, or of a more or less desirable race, or of a race as having a culture that is better or worse than that of another race, obviously presupposes knowledge that the group spoken of actually *is* a race, and that a definition of a race can be constructed which will be scientific. Up to now, unfortunately, this has never been accomplished. I do not argue, of course, that there are not certain physical differences between the Negro and the Indian, or the white man and the Australian, or that it is not convenient to classify peoples in some such fashion. But when we contrast all of them with the apes, let us say,

they always turn out to be overwhelmingly alike.

* * *

He then shows that in the number of vertebrae, studies of Negroes and whites show them to be practically the same and quite different from anthropoid apes. That in skin coloring even there is no line to be found between white and black and he concludes:

In studying race, what criteria are to be selected? It is said that the Nordic is preeminently the dolichocephalic, blond, tall type, yet the people with the longest heads in the world are the Hottentots, while the tallest live in East Africa!

* * *

Even in the matter of our dialect George Phillip Crapp writing also in the *American Mercury* shows us as preservers rather than ignorant destroyers:

The Negro's *watermillion* for *watermelon* was common English usage everywhere in America as late as the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. When the Negro says *drap* for *drop*—which he now does only in dialect literature or on the vaudeville stage—he says what many a Yankee always said a hundred years ago. Even the Negro's *gwine* for *going* is good archaic American English. This pronunciation was current in New England in the Eighteenth Century, and it has lingered in the Negro speech simply because the Negro, being socially backward, has held on to many habits which the white world has left behind.

The construction *I is* and the use of the third singular present for all three persons and both numbers of the present tense of *to be* seems as characteristically Negro as anything in the language. But it is not abnormal or unparalleled English. From the Thirteenth Century, forms like *I is, you is, we, you, they is* are on record in the northern dialect of English, and Wright's Dialect Dictionary contains numerous examples from remote localities in modern England.

THOSE WINGS

WELL, Mr. O'Neill's play has been given in New York and nothing terrible has happened in spite of the South, the Gerry Society, and the more nervous New York editors. The *New Republic* declares that "All God's Chilluns Got Wings" is one of the best things yet written about the race problem and among the best of O'Neill's plays. Ludwig Lewisohn writing in the *Nation* says:

Mr. Eugene O'Neill has at last hit upon tragedy. He has the theme, the intensity, the terror and exaltation. All this will be missed by those who see the play through a curtain of words. Such words as miscegenation, for instance. It will be missed by those who indulge in sociological reflections. Mr. O'Neill has fortunately gone much deeper. . . . .

The case of Negro and White is a terrible case, an excessive one, a case surrounded with myth, fear, terror. But it does not stand alone. All deep divisions or supposedly deep divisions have a like effect. A Gentile wife at some moment of crisis muttering the word Jew under her breath, a French wife, in 1915, the word Hun—these are other symbols out of which comparable tragedies could have been built. And as Mr. O'Neill's tragedy points to these others, so would those others have pointed to his. I do not mean that he has not very honestly and concretely dealt with his Negro man and his white woman. But the problem he has selected cleaves so near the bone of human life itself that it possesses a transcendent symbolic character. There are not many such themes in the world, this is one of them.

It is amusing to contemplate the state of mind of the people who were determined to be shocked by this play, of the critics who excused themselves for trying to view it objectively, of the Gerry Society which, at least for the opening night, refused to issue the permit that would have made possible the performance of the prologue by white and colored children. It is amusing since all these things serve but to emphasize the truth of Mr. O'Neill's delineation of Ella Downey's soul. He created Ella Downey and at once found the world full of Ella Downeys.

The production of the Provincetown Players is notably fine. Mr. Paul Robeson is a superb actor, extraordinarily sincere and eloquent. Miss Mary Blair was a little halting in the earlier scenes; later she rose to the occasion and was literally thrilling at moments. I must not omit to mention excellent work by Frank Wilson and Dora Cole, nor the slum scene by Mr. Throckmorton, nor the directing of Mr. James Light. I have seen far more beauty and intelligence and mobility than there are in this production and this play. I have seen nothing that so deeply gave me an emotion comparable to what the Greeks must have felt at the dark and dreadful actions set forth by the older Attic dramatists. And these actions, too, had their origin in inexpugnable myth and ancient terror.

RESOLVED!

WE, the members of the 1924 college conference of the Y. M. C. A., assembling from the states of Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas and Wyoming, do earnestly urge our President and the senators and representatives from our states to use their influence toward:

The repealing of that section of the immigration law which discriminates against Japan in a way unnecessary to satisfy even the rigid exclusionist and which seems likely to destroy that good feeling between our two countries developed by the Washington Conference and by the aid recently extended by America to the earthquake sufferers in Japan.

The enactment into law of the Dyer Anti-Lynching bill to the end that the hide-

ous practice of lynching be eliminated from our land.

We desire to express our deep sense of repentance for our share of the collective guilt for the daily unchristian treatment meted out to our brothers and sisters of the colored races in America.

To make real our profession of the Christian gospel of love and brotherhood, we desire to use our influence on our campuses as individuals and as members of organizations in standing against racial discrimination in athletics, and in societies and fraternities.

In view of the wide-spread ignorance as to the facts in racial relations, we urge that speakers from other races and especially from the colored race be secured to address student meetings, and that a careful study be made of such books as "Souls of Black Folks," (Du Bois), "The Book of American Negro Poetry," "Social History of the American Negro," (Brawley), "There is Confusion," (Fauset), "The Trend of the Races," "The American Negro Year Book," and such magazines as "The Crisis," and "Opportunity." We also suggest that fellowship with members of other races is a very potent influence in developing a larger understanding.

Furthermore, we desire to express our conviction that segregation on account of color in housing facilities, in trains, in eating houses, amusement halls and in other public places is wrong and unjustifiable.

We desire to take our stand for justice to men and women of all races in the courts and in the press, for equal opportunity for advancement in all areas of economic and political life.

We would express our earnest conviction that Negro womanhood be safeguarded with all the care that is demanded for white womanhood.

We solemnly pledge our influence in steadfastly standing against conditions of discrimination and injustice and for the right of every individual to develop and to express to the highest the capacities with which he is endowed.

JULIUS BLEDSOE

THE triumph of Roland Hayes in the great music-halls of New York lends peculiar interest to the tributes paid to the baritone Julius Bledsoe, a medical student of Columbia University who appeared not many weeks ago at Aeolian Hall. The N. Y. *Times* said of his work:

His voice has the velvety quality peculiar to his race, with the tender melting pianos which the famous Roland Hayes, his contemporary, has so successfully cultivated. It is possible that Mr. Bledsoe may run the tenor a close second in matter of popularity, for when he becomes more familiar with the technical side of the platform, he may further develop a style at once ardent and restrained.

The N. Y. *Evening World* adds:

Julius Bledsoe, colored, has a fine, mellow voice, genuine musical feeling, a prodigious breath support and a singing style that many better known artists might envy. . . . His intelligence was most apparent throughout his recital. Whether singing forte or piano the basso had his voice under excellent control and did some very fine phrasing and interpretative work.

* * *

His recital according to the N. Y. *World* was:

A robust, exhilarating performance, which for technical excellence and genuine artistic feeling, will rank with the best debuts of the song year.

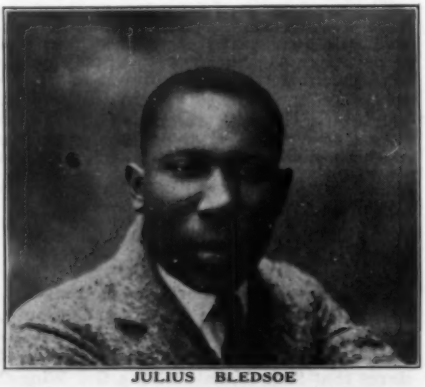
* * *

Henderson writes in the N. Y. *Sun:*

It is gratifying to be able to say that this barytone disclosed valuable gifts and accomplishments. The voice is one of large calibre, round and sonorous, of most agreeable quality and susceptible of nice gradations. Mr. Bledsoe's tone production was generally very good. He sang with freedom and without forcing. He displayed a fairly well equalized scale and a skillful management of head tones.

* * *

The Negro race of America is advancing in many and varied ways. Logically its economic advance should overshadow all as expressing the Negro's deepest need, and next to this his polemics against race prejudice. But in fact and quite illogically and yet naturally it is his music that forces itself forward.



JULIUS BLEDSOE

HAITI

HAITI is still fighting. Recently in Lyons, France, the International Federation of the League of Nations had a meeting which proved to be a debate between a Haitian and an American on American action in Haiti. The Haitian was Dantés Bellegarde, vice-president of the second Pan-African Congress and the American was C. A. Duniway.

Both addresses were applauded, but the Haitian received an ovation which lasted several minutes, punctuated by cries of "bravo." The debate occurred after M. Bellegarde and Dr. Duniway had reached an accord on a resolution concerning Haiti, which was subsequently adopted unanimiously by the Congress.

The resolution declares that the International Federation, considering the occupation of the republic of Haiti by forces of the United States, and having heard sympathetically the representations made by the delegate of the Haitian Society for the League of Nations on the national aspirations of the people of Haiti, expresses its satisfaction at the fact that the Secretary of State of the United States has declared the intention of the Government to effect withdrawal from Haiti as soon as possible.

M. Bellegarde pictured Haiti as a civilized country, with poets and philosophers, doctors and scientists, and as a kind of intellectual province of France. It had achieved its independence by force of arms, and yet, against all international laws, the United States on the pretext of serious internal troubles had occupied Haiti with military forces.

* * *

Mr. Duniway declared that the United States had "freed the slaves", had withdrawn from San Domingo and had done lots of other nice things for the world.

"Santo Domingo is free," he went on, "and Haiti will be free when she has satisfied the conditions and shows that she is capable of self government. Our attitude is one of benevolent serving, not our own cause, but Haiti's."

THE NEXT WAR

THE next war is being carefully prepared. G. M. Fisher says in the *Survey* discussing Japanese exclusion:

How far will the ripples spread from this stone thrown so jauntily by Congress into the Pacific? Farther than the thoughtless, insular American thinks, if he thinks at all about it. At the very least it will accentuate the slogan of "Asia for the Asiatics." That slogan has been heard in India, in China, and in the Philippines as well as in Japan. But they have been separate cries. There has been no united chorus of opposition to white intolerance and domination except by a few intellectuals. America's record toward the Far East has on the whole exempted her hitherto from their denunciation. But it is quite possible to exaggerate the sinister effects of this one act toward Japan, however discourteous. After making this reservation, the fact remains that it gives impetus to that consolidation of the darker races against the white nations which looms so ominously upon the world's horizon.

* * *

And on the other hand the most dangerous and powerful of the fomenters of interracial trouble in the United States, the *Chicago Tribune*, has this incredible editorial:

Australia is still an experiment. It is a white country impinging on Asia. It is an empty land next door to the crowded east. If America's exclusion problem is difficult, Australia's will be more so. If America's quarrel with Japan is intensified, Australia will be involved.

To maintain a homogeneous white stock on the periphery of Asia is a racial problem which white people should suport. It is in effect an advance reservation for Nordic expansion. Its maintenance now will save wars for conquest later.

Australia, with 6,000,000 people, has eleven times the area of Japan with 56,000,000 people. It has three-fourths the area of China with 320,000,000 people. It is less than a week's sail away. When the industrialization of Japan and China is completed, when sanitation further reduces the death rate, there will be difficulties for Australia. The yellow peoples will demand entrance. From the Mongolian standpoint they will be justified.

White peoples cannot accept this. Their power is their only balance against their slow breeding. They must maintain by power the stock, the standards and the spacious living that the Orient would overwhelm by the pacifism of mere numbers. Australia may be a permanent intrusion of white civilization into Asia. It may become a tragedy and a failure. The result of the experiment will depend on the solidarity of the white stocks.

COLLEGE GRADUATES ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

HAMPTON INSTITUTE

JAMES E. GREGG
Principal

GEORGE P. PHENIX
Vice Principal

Hampton, Virginia

FRANK K. ROGERS
Treasurer

WILLIAM H. SCOVILLE
Secretary

Founded in 1868 by General Armstrong to train selected colored youths who should go out to teach and lead their people.

Hampton stands for "a sound body, a trained capacity, and an unselfish outlook on life".

Hampton is an industrial village: 1,000 acres; 149 buildings; 901 boarding students, including 75 college students; 385 day pupils in practice-school; 854 summer-school students; 250 teachers and workers.

Hampton has over 2512 graduates and over 8800 former students; also numerous outgrowths, including Tuskegee, founded by Booker T. Washington.

COLLEGIATE DIVISION

I THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

1. **School of Agriculture**—offering a four-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science; aims to develop teachers of agriculture, farm-demonstration agents, and farmers.

New chemical and biological laboratories have recently been fitted with modern equipment. The Whipple farm of 70 acres is located at the Institute and is equipped with a modern dairy barn, creamery, three greenhouses, horse barn, poultry plant, and poultry-breeding station. The Shellbanks Farm of 850 acres is located four miles from the Institute and is easily accessible for agricultural classes. The four-year course offers liberal-arts studies, courses in professional teacher-training work, and intensive work in science and agriculture. —Warren K. Blodgett, Director.

2. **School of Education**—offering a four-year high-school teachers' course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science and two two-year courses leading to appropriate diplomas; aims to train teachers for high schools, for grammar grades, and for primary grades.

In the four-year course for high-school teachers, two majors must be taken by each student. These majors may be selected from the following fields of work: English, French, Industrial Arts, Latin, Mathematics, Music, Physical Education, Science, and Social Studies. Two majors, however, may be taken in industrial arts, or music, or in physical education. The four-year course includes 16 liberal-arts units and professional work in teacher-training.—Wm. Anthony Aery, Director.

3. **School of Home Economics**—offering a two-year course leading to a diploma; aims to train young women to be home makers and teachers of home economics.

The equipment is excellent. The home-economics library consists of well-selected books and much illustrative material. A lecture room is so arranged that exhibits and demonstrations can be given. The Practice House, recently given to Hampton by Mrs. Henry A. Strong of Rochester, N. Y., is a simple house of two and a half stories. It has a living-room, dining-room, kitchen, and utility room on the first floor; bedrooms, bath, and sleeping-porch on the second; and a store-room in the half story. It is simply and artistically furnished. It is intended to furnish an ideal home-making experience for the young women.—Mrs. Blanche W. Purcell, Director.

4. **Summer School for Teachers;** aims to meet the needs of teachers in service—principals, supervisors, high school teachers, elementary teachers, teachers of home economics, and teachers of physical education.

It is conducted under the joint auspices of the Virginia State Board of Education and Hampton Institute. It is organized with special reference to the needs of teachers in service—principals, supervisors, high-school teachers, elementary teachers, teachers of home economics, and teachers of physical education.—George P. Phenix, Director.

II THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

—offering a two-year course leading to a diploma; aims to give young men and young women such training in business principles and practice as to prepare them for business positions or to teach business subjects.

It offers two two-year collegiate courses—General Business Course and Secretarial Course. Practical work is so planned as to give students the widest possible knowledge of modern business procedure. This school conducts evening classes for the benefit of high-school graduates who are in the Trade School and who wish to secure a knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. These classes are also open to students in the work-year class who are graduates of high schools.—Miss Ethel C. Buckman, Assistant Director.

III THE TRADE SCHOOL

—offering a two-year contractors' and builders' course leading to a diploma and a four-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science; aims to train skilled builders by thorough instruction in business methods, field management, building materials, trade practice, structural design, and principles of architecture.

A recent and extensive field study made clear the demand for well-trained colored builders. Hampton offers for the first time a four-year builders' course, open to graduates of standard high schools for which the degree of Bachelor of Science will be given. Students without trade experience may enter this course, provided they take extra work in a building trade during the first and second years and work at this trade for three summers. Hampton alumni have agreed to see that every graduate of the builders' courses receives adequate financial backing when he starts out in business. The B.S. course of standard grade will train teachers for high schools and colleges.—Harry J. DeYarmett, Director; H. Whittemore Brown, in charge of Builders' Courses.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

HAMPTON INSTITUTE

JAMES E. GREGG
Principal

GEORGE P. PHENIX
Vice Principal

Hampton, Virginia

FRANK K. ROGERS
Treasurer

WILLIAM H. SCOVILLE
Secretary

Founded in 1868 by General Armstrong to train selected colored youths who should go out to teach and lead their people.

Hampton stands for "a sound body, a trained capacity, and an unselfish outlook on life".

Hampton is an industrial village: 1,000 acres; 149 buildings; 901 boarding students, including 75 college students; 385 day pupils in practice-school; 854 summer-school students; 250 teachers and workers.

Hampton has over 2512 graduates and over 8800 former students; also numerous outgrowths, including Tuskegee, founded by Booker T. Washington.

COLLEGIATE DIVISION

I THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

1. **School of Agriculture**—offering a four-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science; aims to develop teachers of agriculture, farm-demonstration agents, and farmers.

New chemical and biological laboratories have recently been fitted with modern equipment. The Whipple farm of 70 acres is located at the Institute and is equipped with a modern dairy barn, creamery, three greenhouses, horse barn, poultry plant, and poultry-breeding station. The Shellbanks Farm of 850 acres is located four miles from the Institute and is easily accessible for agricultural classes. The four-year course offers liberal-arts studies, courses in professional teacher-training work, and intensive work in science and agriculture. —Warren K. Blodgett, Director.

2. **School of Education**—offering a four-year high-school teachers' course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science and two two-year courses leading to appropriate diplomas; aims to train teachers for high schools, for grammar grades, and for primary grades.

In the four-year course for high-school teachers, two majors must be taken by each student. These majors may be selected from the following fields of work: English, French, Industrial Arts, Latin, Mathematics, Music, Physical Education, Science, and Social Studies. Two majors, however, may be taken in industrial arts, or music, or in physical education. The four-year course includes 16 liberal-arts units and professional work in teacher-training.—Wm. Anthony Aery, Director.

3. **School of Home Economics**—offering a two-year course leading to a diploma; aims to train young women to be home makers and teachers of home economics.

The equipment is excellent. The home-economics library consists of well-selected books and much illustrative material. A lecture room is so arranged that exhibits and demonstrations can be given. The Practice House, recently given to Hampton by Mrs. Henry A. Strong of Rochester, N. Y., is a simple house of two and a half stories. It has a living-room, dining-room, kitchen, and utility room on the first floor; bedrooms, bath, and sleeping-porch on the second; and a store-room in the half story. It is simply and artistically furnished. It is intended to furnish an ideal home-making experience for the young women.—Mrs. Blanche W. Purcell, Director.

4. **Summer School for Teachers;** aims to meet the needs of teachers in service—principals, supervisors, high school teachers, elementary teachers, teachers of home economics, and teachers of physical education.

It is conducted under the joint auspices of the Virginia State Board of Education and Hampton Institute. It is organized with special reference to the needs of teachers in service—principals, supervisors, high-school teachers, elementary teachers, teachers of home economics, and teachers of physical education.—George P. Phenix, Director.

II THE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

—offering a two-year course leading to a diploma; aims to give young men and young women such training in business principles and practice as to prepare them for business positions or to teach business subjects.

It offers two two-year collegiate courses—General Business Course and Secretarial Course. Practical work is so planned as to give students the widest possible knowledge of modern business procedure. This school conducts evening classes for the benefit of high-school graduates who are in the Trade School and who wish to secure a knowledge of the fundamental principles of business. These classes are also open to students in the work-year class who are graduates of high schools.—Miss Ethel C. Buckman, Assistant Director.

III THE TRADE SCHOOL

—offering a two-year contractors' and builders' course leading to a diploma and a four-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science; aims to train skilled builders by thorough instruction in business methods, field management, building materials, trade practice, structural design, and principles of architecture.

A recent and extensive field study made clear the demand for well-trained colored builders. Hampton offers for the first time a four-year builders' course, open to graduates of standard high schools for which the degree of Bachelor of Science will be given. Students without trade experience may enter this course, provided they take extra work in a building trade during the first and second years and work at this trade for three summers. Hampton alumni have agreed to see that every graduate of the builders' courses receives adequate financial backing when he starts out in business. The B.S. course of standard grade will train teachers for high schools and colleges.—Harry J. DeYarmett, Director; H. Whittemore Brown, in charge of Builders' Courses.